

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 792



JAN. 31. 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

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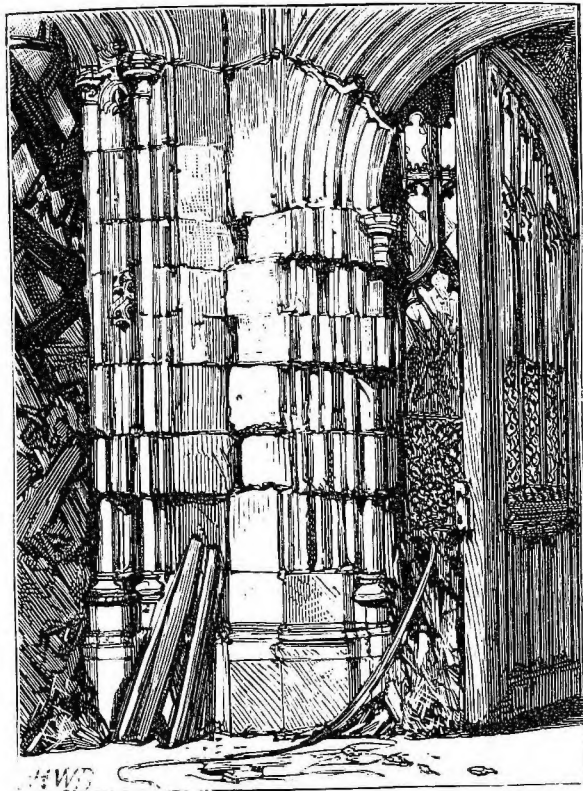
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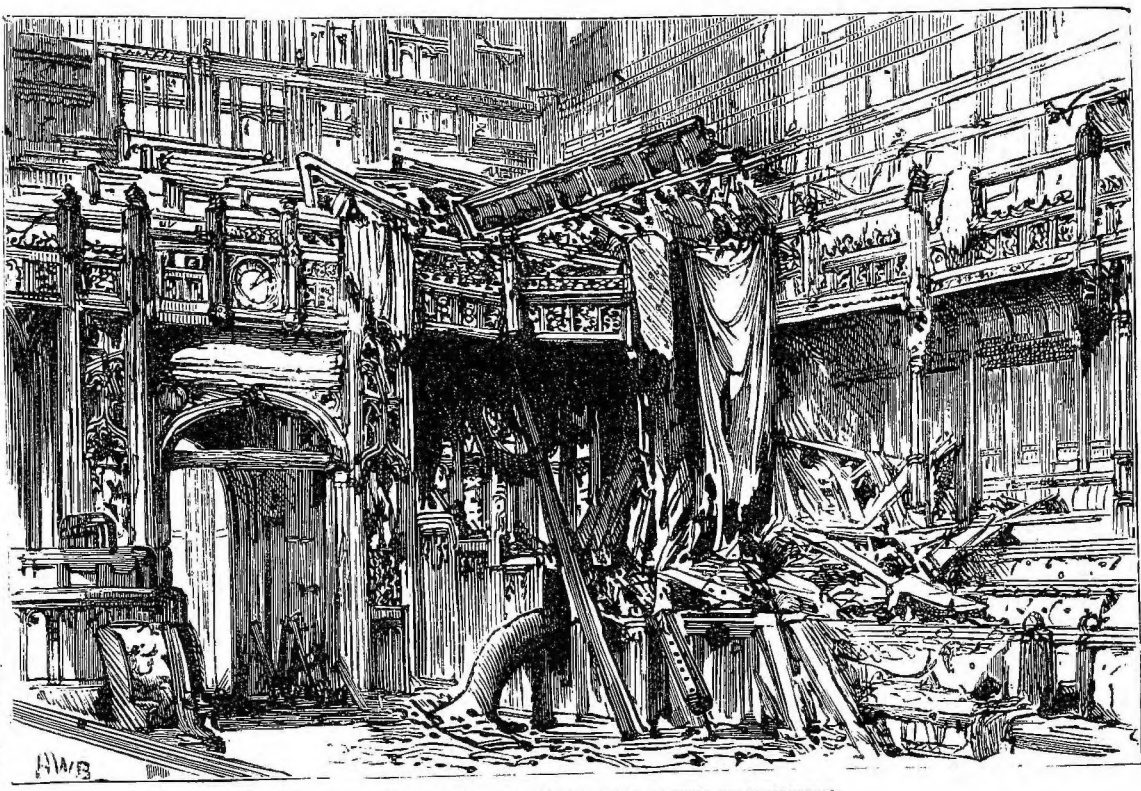
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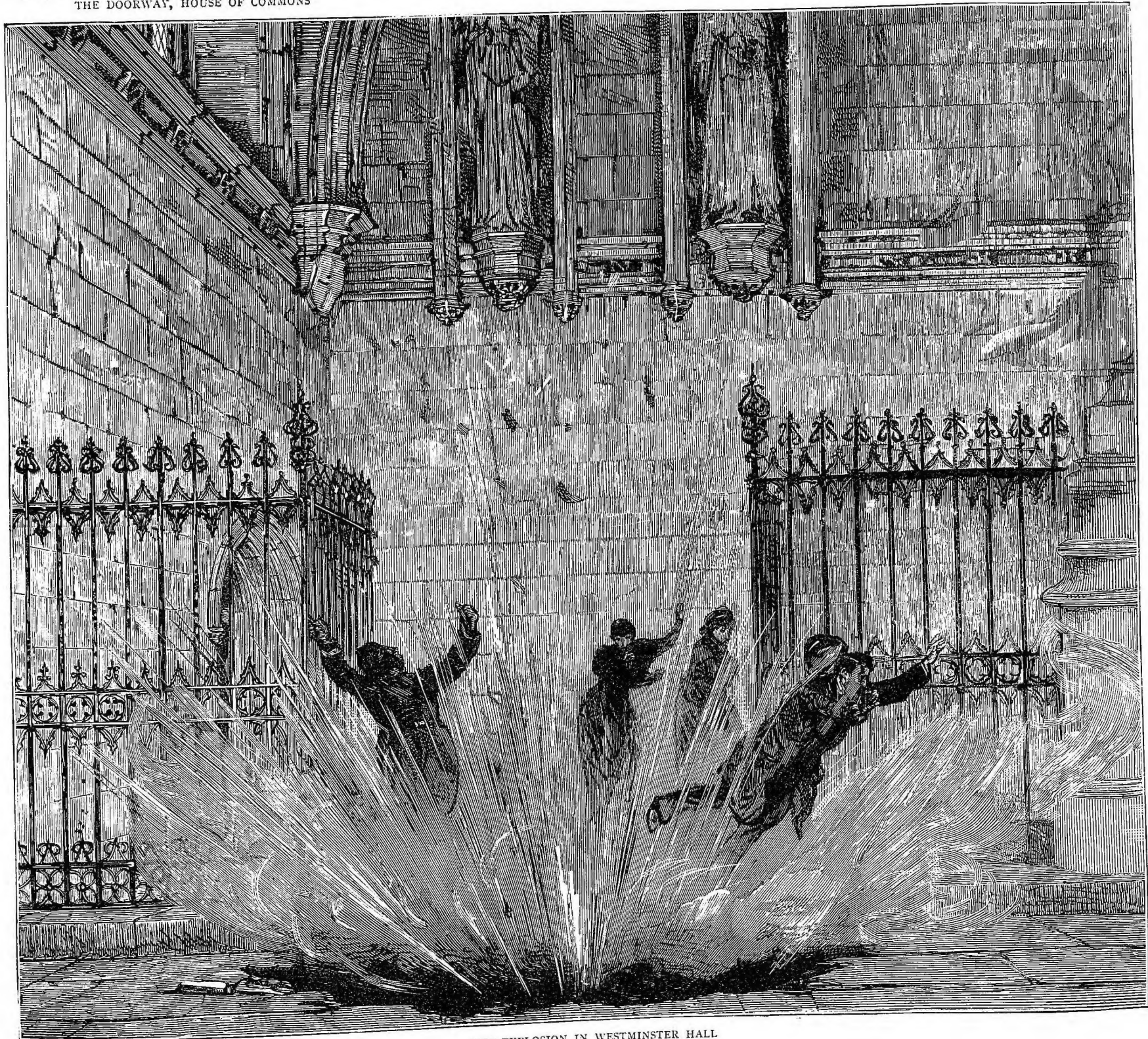
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EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION UPON THE STONWORK OF
THE DOORWAY, HOUSE OF COMMONS



SCENE OF THE WRECK INSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



THE EXPLOSION IN WESTMINSTER HALL
From a Sketch and Description by Miss Davies, an Eyewitness

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON—AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Topics of the Week

THE RECENT DYNAMITE EXPLOITS.—It is needless to waste words in denouncing the wickedness of these acts. But that they are as useless and purposeless as they are wicked is not so obvious. They lead uninstructed foreigners to suppose that the wrongs of Ireland must indeed be bitter, since they inspire such deadly deeds of vengeance. Only on Monday last a speaker in the United States Senate stated that the condition of the Irish in Ireland was on a par with that of the negroes before Emancipation. We at home here know better, but foreigners do not, and they argue, as we ourselves argue about Russian Nihilistic atrocities, that such actions presuppose great oppression. Thus, inasmuch as they lead foreigners to believe that England tyrannises over Ireland, the dynamite outrages cannot be condemned as purposeless. And there can be little doubt that they influence public, or at least Ministerial, opinion. Men of the forcible-feeble type, like Mr. Gladstone, copious of speech, but infirm of purpose, are wont to be startled into action when such a din as that which sounded last Saturday from Westminster and the Tower is made in their ears. While admitting, however, that there is a certain degree of effectiveness about these cowardly atrocities, John Bull is none the less anxious to put a stop to them. But how? This is a very difficult question to answer. We, at least, have no infallible remedy to propose. The suggestions made in some newspapers about increased vigilance are simply childish. The carrying of such portable stuff as dynamite cannot be prevented, unless everybody is subjected daily to personal search. But some of the provisions of the Irish Peace Preservation Act might be extended to Great Britain, as Mr. Herbert Gladstone advises, the detective force might reasonably be increased, and a habit of official reticence should be encouraged. In a country where every incident is put into print for the sake of ministering to an idle curiosity, it becomes very hard to catch clever criminals who have the command of money. It is possible that the American Government may at last take decisive action against dynamiters, not so much from sympathy with our sufferings, as because they have bold-tongued Socialists of their own. Some of these fanatics, at a recent meeting at Chicago, prescribed dynamite as an excellent antidote for the hated capitalist. We have not, however, much hope of advantage from American assistance, especially as the headquarters of the conspiracy seem to be nearer home, perhaps in Paris. But the Nationalist members of Parliament, who are the representatives of advanced Irish opinion, might suppress the dynamitards, if they really desired to do so. If they were to make public and reiterated announcements of such disapproval, clothed in the same fervent language as they are wont to use when denouncing the iniquities of the "Castle," respectable Irishmen and Irishwomen would cease to give money to Skirmishing Funds, and the desperadoes would then become innocuous. Until, however, Mr. Parnell and his associates thus make open confession, we must hold them morally responsible for these deeds of violence. And, in default of catching the actual perpetrators, we incline to think that the responsibility should be legal as well as moral.

ENGLAND AND FRENCH DEMANDS.—It is understood that in answer to the French scheme regarding Egyptian finance the English Government accepted the proposal that the new loan should be guaranteed by the Powers. They are said to have added, however, that the Multiple or Dual Control could not in any form be admitted. It is not very easy to reconcile these decisions, for if there is to be an international guarantee it seems almost impossible that there should not be some kind of international control. If France had not intended to recover some of her authority in Egypt, why should she have objected to an English guarantee? Fortunately, no agreement at which our Government may arrive can have binding force without the sanction of Parliament; and there can be little doubt that if they make any concession which would tend to weaken our position in Egypt, their action will be condemned. Until the Franchise Bill became law the Liberal party were not free to deal with the Egyptian question on its merits. They felt that it would be in the highest degree inexpedient, by putting Lord Salisbury in power, to postpone indefinitely the settlement of the dispute about Parliamentary Reform. Now that the whole controversy is virtually at an end—for Conservatives are as anxious as Liberals to pass the Redistribution Bill—the country will have for the first time an opportunity of learning the real opinion of Parliament as to our rights and duties in Egypt. And it is incredible that a majority would vote in favour of any proposal which would have the effect, either directly or indirectly, of increasing French influence at the expense of England. France has never been remarkable for the modesty of her claims, but it is surprising that at a time when we are incurring vast expenditure and sacrificing some of our best troops for the protection of our interests and for the benefit of the Egyptian people, she should have thought of snatching from us the advantages we have gained at so great a cost. Perhaps it may be found, when all the facts are known, that she has exaggerated the pliability even of Mr. Gladstone's Government.

DETECTIVES.—It is unfair to say that if detectives had kept a better look-out dynamite outrages like those of Saturday last could not have occurred; on the other hand, there is no denying that most of our English detectives are too conspicuous. Any frequenter of a railway-station will, in two or three days, come to recognise the detective on duty without having been introduced to that official. People who pass daily up one of the great thoroughfares soon notice certain men, whose looks, dress, and general air of having nothing particular to do, mark them out as watchers of other men. Many detectives have been promoted from the ordinary police force, and they cannot rid themselves of the policeman's stiffness. Their clothes, though not cut like uniforms, sit queerly; their heads are too erect, their eyes too prying. They appear to be idlers, but do not dress in the style suitable to men who can afford to saunter about with their hands in their pockets. Most of them wear no gloves, and, for the sake of keeping their hands free, carry no stick or umbrella; those, on the contrary, who dress up a little seldom succeed in looking like genuine loafers of the fast type, or like respectable tourists from the country. Add to this that the detective who is set to watch a place almost always fraternises with his colleague, the policeman in uniform. The two may not stand and talk together by the hour; but they will exchange nods and chat for a few minutes now and then—all of which will be enough to put the vigilant criminal on his guard. One may be sure that dynamite outrages are not attempted without careful preliminary examination of localities. Before the miscreant sets his explosive he has become familiar with the faces and peculiarities of the detectives whose observation he must elude. The dynamitard is in fact himself a "detective," only he does his work of spying upon the police under most favourable circumstances, for he can come and go, vary his disguises, and use accomplices to help him in watching. The only remedy for this would be to make detectives less easy to recognise, but to this end the detective force should be recruited from among men having considerable skill, if not genius, in the art of self-travesty.

THE ADVANCE ON KHARTOUM.—The week of silence which ensued after the news of the Battle of Abu Klea reached this country naturally caused great anxiety. General Stewart's little army, seriously diminished in numbers by the casualties of the 17th, was manifestly inadequate to undertake active operations on a large scale, reinforcements could not reach him for some days, and he was liable at any moment to be beset by an enemy far outnumbering his own force, and largely endowed with fanatic courage. The veil has now been lifted, and the news is better than some thought it could possibly be. General Stewart has reached the Nile, has entrenched his force there, and is in communication with General Gordon. The cheerfulness which is inspired by this intelligence is dashed by the knowledge that heavy losses have been sustained, and that General Stewart himself has been so severely wounded as to be *hors de combat* for the remainder of the campaign. Lord Wolseley says of him: "He is one of the ablest soldiers and most dashing commanders I have ever known;" and those who have merely watched his conduct since he began his march across the desert from Korti will cordially endorse this praise. Let us also speak a few words in commemoration of two men who, belonging to a non-combatant profession, lost their lives during the fighting which ensued before the Nile was reached. It is no exaggeration to say that the eager interest with which the public have watched the successive scenes of the many wars, great and small, which have been waged during the last thirty years, is due to the existence of the newspaper war-correspondent, an essentially modern creation. These men, in order to be fit for their arduous duties, must be possessed of several rare and valuable qualities, and, especially in semi-barbarous warfare, they run little less risk of death or wounds than the professional combatants. Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, whose loss we are all now lamenting, stood in the front rank of war-correspondents on active service. His companion, Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, was not so well known to the public, but is none the less deserving of remembrance. It may now reasonably be hoped that when the junction of the land and river forces is attained, we may, as far as military operations are concerned, see the beginning of the end of this miserable business by effecting the rescue of Gordon. Nobody can wish to go on slaughtering these brave Arabs, against whom we have really no just cause of quarrel. But the political problem will still remain as difficult as ever. Are we literally to "rescue and retire;" or shall we, after all this waste of blood and money, strive to establish the Government of this vast region on a firm footing?

LORD RIPON.—Lord Ripon has been cordially welcomed by the town from which he takes his title, and by the Liberals of Leeds; and he will soon be received by the Liverpool Reform Club and by the National Liberal Club in London. It will be unfortunate if he concludes from these demonstrations that the English people approved of the Ilbert Bill. Without, perhaps, forming a very decided judgment as to the merits of the Bill itself, most Englishmen held that it was a mistake to introduce a measure which proved to be repugnant to the opinions and sentiments of almost all Anglo-Indians. Now, however, that the ex-Viceroy is at home, the country is disposed to think chiefly of the spirit in which he discharged the duties of his great office. That he had an ardent desire

for the welfare of the native population even his enemies admit; and it is remembered that the Ilbert Bill was not the only measure by which he sought to give effect to his wishes. Lord Ripon did much to prepare the way for the establishment of a complete system of local self-government in India, and if experience shows that his ideas on this subject are sound, he will rank among the foremost of those who have benefited our splendid dependency. We are constantly reminded by some politicians that our position in India depends in the last resort on physical force; but that cannot be a reason why the country should be ruled without due deference to the feelings, and even the prejudices, of the Indian people. We shall be strong exactly in proportion as we succeed in making the natives contented; and the most likely way to satisfy them appears to be to associate them as much as possible with the administration of their affairs. It is because this was recognised by Lord Ripon that he deserves the respect of his countrymen, the Ilbert Bill notwithstanding.

THE FRENCH SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—The Republicans having won sixty-seven out of eighty-seven seats at the Senatorial Elections, an off-hand judgment would pronounce that they had achieved a signal success. But the Government does not quite take that view, for in the first place the twenty elections of Monarchists were ten more than had been expected, and in the next place many of the anti-Republican minorities were very large. The Monarchists stand now in the same position as the Republicans held about a dozen years after the Second Empire had been founded—say at the General Election of 1863. But in that year the whole might of the coalesced Opposition forces could only wrest twenty-three seats in the Corps Législatif out of 265 from the Bonapartists. Sunday's elections were held over only one-third of the electoral area of the country, and it is probable that at the forthcoming general election the Monarchists will win about 100 seats. All this, however, may be of great advantage to the Republicans if it makes them close up their ranks, and induces them to adopt the moderate conciliatory policy which is favoured by the wisest heads of the party. Opposition, if not too strong, is of help to a Government, and the Republicans of M. Ferry's set would really have had no reason to congratulate themselves on the annihilation of the Monarchists, if it had tended to make Radicals, Socialists, and Anarchists more numerous and lively. But there is a danger that Sunday's revelation of the influence which Monarchists still hold in the country may scare the Republicans into some act of wild and oppressive policy. It is said that the Opportunists think of reconciling their party dissensions by a sensational Bill for banishing all the princes of deposed dynasties. This would be a very heavy blunder; for the various pretenders—and especially Prince Victor Bonaparte—would be much stronger for mischief when away from French territory.

COAL MINING AND COLLIERS.—An interesting letter by Mr. George Howell in Tuesday's *Times* condenses into a brief space some noteworthy facts concerning this important industry. 164 million tons of coal were raised last year, against 30 millions in 1837. These figures incline one to think that the cry about trade depression is rather unreasonable, for the consumption of coal is a measure of the condition of various other activities. But we are using up our coal-stores at an increasingly rapid rate, and it is quite possible that a couple of centuries hence the great centres of manufacturing enterprise may be removed elsewhere, and these islands may be chiefly noted for their grazing and corn-growing qualities. An export tax on coal has been recommended, but would it not be still wiser to economise its consumption by better methods of burning it? To some extent this is accomplished on board steamships and in factories, but domestically we go on in the old barbarous, wasteful fashion, sending 95 per cent. of the heat evolved up the chimney, keeping only 5 per cent. for warming the room, and producing in our great towns dense fogs which are both expensive and unpleasant. In this direction, however, nothing really effectual will be accomplished until Parliament makes the adoption of a smokeless grate compulsory on owners of house property. Returning to Mr. Howell's letter, it is satisfactory to learn, not merely that the death-rate from accidents in coal mines was exceptionally low last year (for this might be due to good fortune), but that the rate, both as regards the number of miners employed and the output of coal, has been for some years steadily diminishing. This is due generally to increased care and supervision, to the prohibition of the use of gunpowder in "fiery" mines, and to improved safety-lamps. There is still much to be done in diminishing the accidents caused by falls of roofs, &c., which, though little heard of by the general public, cause in the aggregate more deaths than the sensational disasters which horrify the world from time to time.

WORKMEN IN PARLIAMENT.—At a meeting of the London Working Men's Association the other evening, a resolution "in favour of the movement for the return of labour representatives" was unanimously adopted; and the motion was certainly in accord with the opinions of the working classes generally. There is no reason why either of the great political parties should object to this agitation. It has, indeed, often been said that the ideas of working men

may be adequately expressed by members of Parliament who do not belong to their class; but this is not borne out by experience. On such questions as those relating to the regulation of work in mines and factories there is no landlord or capitalist, however philanthropic he may be, who can speak with half as much authority as Mr. Broadhurst or Mr. Burt. The presence of a considerable number of workmen in Parliament would be of advantage to the whole community; for, now that the working classes have become supreme in the political world, it is of the highest importance not only that we should know exactly what they think about public questions, but that they themselves should learn all that can be said both for and against their opinions. The chief difficulty, of course, will be how to provide for the payment of labour representatives. The London Working Men's Association holds that all members of Parliament should be paid by the State; and, as Mr. Chamberlain agrees with this view, it may be expected to become popular. Should it ultimately be accepted, we must be prepared for the growing influence—perhaps for the supremacy—of that very objectionable person, the professional politician.

FATIGUE SUITS.—What with *Kaki* suits, corduroys, and special service costumes of all sorts, the British soldier gets a considerable amount of "dressing" in more senses than one. It has come to be fairly recognised now that the soldier should have his fighting clothes and his peace-uniform, just as the civilian has his ordinary garb and his working suit, or sporting clothes, as the case may be. The attempt to contrive a uniform which should be as useful in peace as in war was never more practical than would be an effort to make a garment which should be at once a dress-coat and a rowing jersey; and it has sensibly been abandoned. Something remains to be done, however, by way of acting quite fairly to soldiers in the matter of clothes; for, incredible as it may sound, a recruit who has just joined his regiment is expected to do fatigues in his brand-new clothes. He has two suits served out to him, and one of these must last two years, and the other one year. If the recruit wants a third suit, in which to do his coal-carrying, barrack-washing, &c., he must buy it out of his own money. If he cannot afford such an outlay—and very few recruits can—he soon spoils his new clothes, and is put on stoppages of pay to have them cleaned or repaired, or to buy fresh ones. This is hard, considering that the soldier is supposed to get a free kit. It is hard, also, that the soldier's pay should be stopped to replace clothes that have been stolen, through no fault of the owner, or to repair damages to clothes which have been caused by an act of courage. The other day a soldier at Woolwich jumped into the river to save a drowning child. A bystander, who knew military ways, at once suggested to the rescued child's parents that their gratitude should take a pecuniary form: "for," said he, "unless you give that chap something, he'll be out of pocket by the price of a new uniform."

SUBWAYS.—Several Bills for increasing the facilities of metropolitan communication by means of subways will be brought forward during the ensuing Session of Parliament. One of these is especially interesting to the inhabitants of Northern London—namely, that which proposes to unite King's Cross with the South-Western Terminus at Waterloo by means of a direct line, two and three-quarter miles in length. At present North London is very insufficiently supplied with means of access to the West Central and South-Western districts. In fact, the choice lies between cab or omnibus, and a very circuitous railway route. We trust that in considering such a measure as this members of Parliament will look to the ultimate advantage of the community at large, and will not allow this opportunity of much-needed communication to be frustrated by the noisy efforts of a few interested persons. If it can be shown that the comfort and safety of the passengers will be properly cared for by the proposed lines, the temporary inconvenience which will be caused to shopkeepers and owners of house property ought to be disregarded. If the decision of such schemes were dependent on a plebiscitary vote of the inhabitants of London, we are convinced that—precautions being taken to ensure the proper working of the lines in question—permission to undertake the work would be granted in every instance.

INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION.—During the present week some interest has been excited by the proceedings of the Industrial Remuneration Conference. That the discussions of the Conference will lead to any immediate practical result is not very probable; but they may have done some good by drawing general attention to what, after all, is the most important question of the day. In most European countries the grievances of the working classes have led to the development of Socialism, and for many a day it will tax the energies of the wisest and strongest Continental statesmen to counteract the influence of revolutionary agitators. It used to be assumed that wild schemes for the transformation of society would never find favour in England; but this is by no means so certain to-day as it seemed to be two or three years ago. Mr. George would hardly have been able to produce so strong an impression if a good many English working men had not begun to doubt whether they can trust to the operation of the laws of supply and demand for the improvement of their condition. Even thorough-going Socialists like Mr. William Morris and Mr. Hyndman have

not failed to find disciples; and it is said by some observers, who profess to know what is going on among the working classes, that the success of these prophets of a new social order has been very much greater than they themselves could have anticipated. Many remedies for the evils which give rise to Socialist agitation have been suggested by speakers at the Industrial Remuneration Conference; and we may be sure that there is not one of these proposals of which we shall not hear again when the new Parliament meets. The "Social question" is undoubtedly the question of the future, and in attempting to settle it the democracy is likely to show little respect for the doctrines of the *laissez-faire* school of politicians.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.—Mr. Pigott has been sharply criticised for having licensed an English version of one of M. Dumas's worst comedies. He might answer that he is abused when he shows himself too strict. But he should remember that M. Dumas has, in one of his famous prefaces, contemptuously disclaimed all purpose of "writing for young ladies." In France, young ladies, as a rule, do not go to the theatre; in England they do, and this makes a difference. For amusement and instruction the Stage may be rendered valuable, and much of the Puritan prejudice against it which once existed among us has begun to die out; but parents will not allow their daughters to go to the theatre if they hear that objectionable pieces are being performed. Therefore, when the Examiner of Plays stretches a point to oblige one manager, he may do injury to several others. It is because we want our girls to go to the theatres as freely as their brothers that we desire stage-plays to be of a kind which can be enjoyed without embarrassments and be discussed at home without constraint. After all, the line is easy to draw; and, looking at the matter from a mere literary standpoint, it is much better that playwrights should know clearly what subjects are prohibited than that they should be encouraged to imitate French plays in the hope of getting the same tolerance as French authors.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR-PAGES, entitled CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE, from Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



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THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.—Mr. Frederick Villiers, our special artist with the Nile Expedition, according to the last telegrams, was present at the battle of the 19th inst., and accompanied General Stewart's force to their present quarters on the Nile. We may, therefore, shortly expect to receive sketches of the battle of Abu Klea, the battle of the 19th inst., and the subsequent proceedings on the Nile. A private telegram, kindly forwarded to us by the *Daily News*, also states that their correspondent, Mr. H. H. Pearce, and Mr. F. Villiers are both safe. Mr. Villiers writes from Korti on January 4th:—"I send you some sketches by this mail of General Stewart's march on Gakdul—a very brilliant affair. We march out from here next Friday with General Stewart for the general advance on Metemneh, opposite Shendy, where we hear the Mahdi is in strong force. We have very few men, but the finest, without exception, in the world. You hardly seem to realise at home that this is a 'touch-and-go business,' and it means a fight to the bitter end. As far as I can make out, you ought to receive sketches four or five weeks after an engagement at Shendy or in the vicinity of Khartoum."



THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY

See page 105.

LUMBERING IN CALIFORNIA,

AND

THE STOWAWAY,

See page 122.

CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE

See page 113.

"MATT"

MR. BUCHANAN'S new serial story, illustrated by Joseph Nash, is continued on page 117.

THE RECENT DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

See page 103.

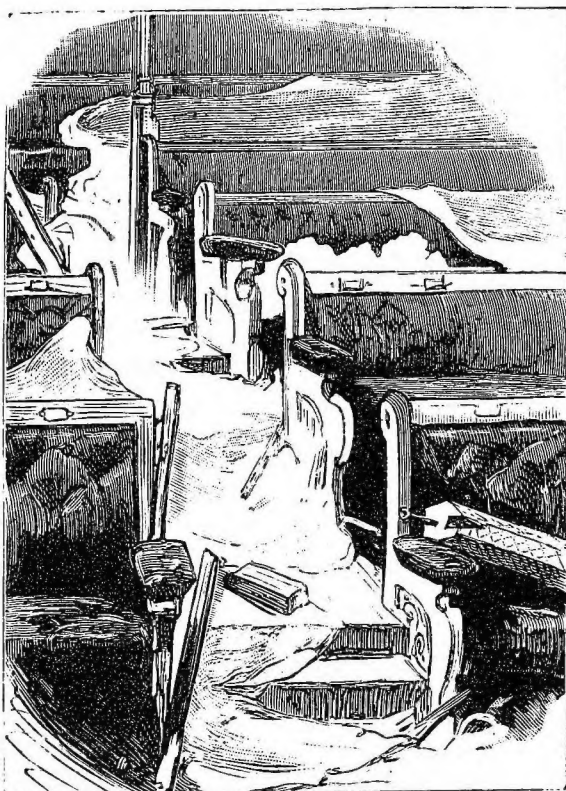


THE SUCCESS OF OUR ARMS IN THE SOUDAN, attended by so heavy a sacrifice of life, have increased, if possible, the vigour with which the press, Liberal and Conservative, metropolitan and provincial, had protested before the reception of the news of the victory of Abu Klea against any abandonment of the right which this country has clearly purchased to an undivided control of the administration of Egypt.

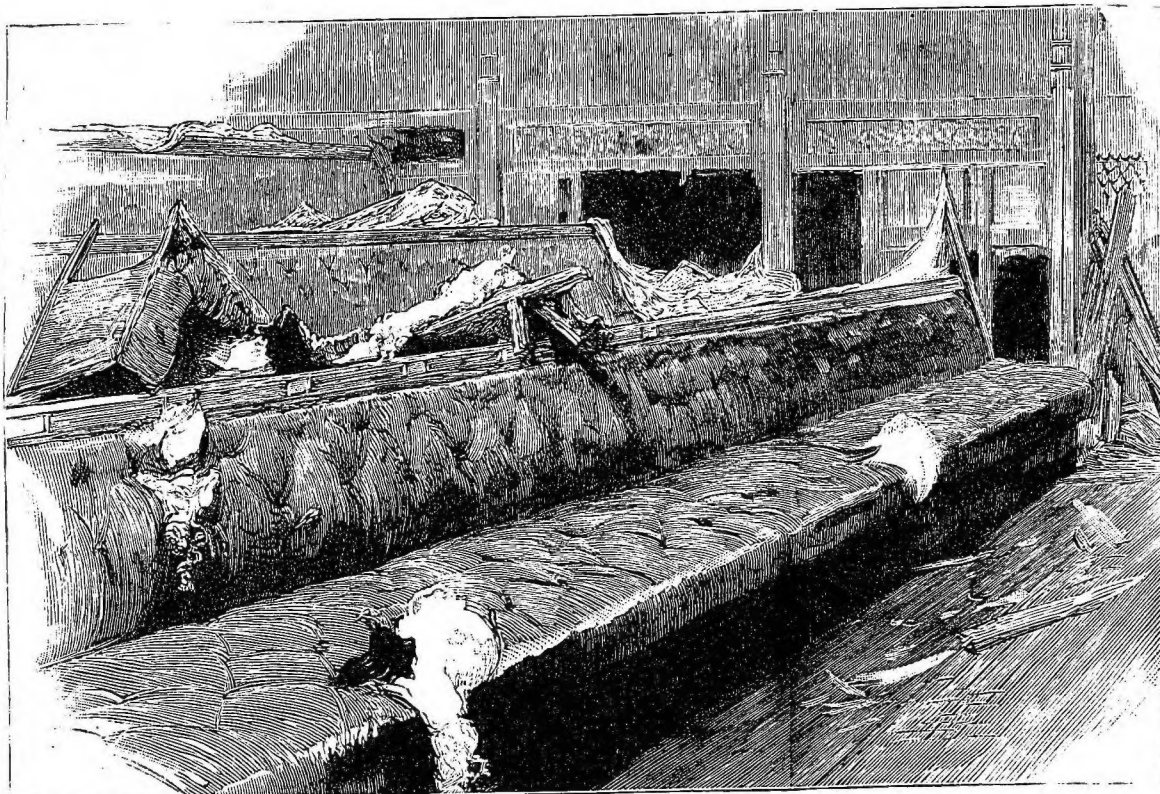
THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF RIPON, on returning home from India, received on Monday an enthusiastic welcome in the little Yorkshire town from which they derive their title. Mr. Goschen was one of the speakers at a subsequent luncheon in the Town Hall. Responding to the toast of "The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon," the ex-Governor-General of India merely alluded to the attacks which had been made on his administrative policy, and said that he appealed, without fear, from the temporary judgment of angry passion to the deliberate sentence of coming times. On Wednesday, however, at a banquet in his honour at Leeds, Lord Ripon elaborately defended his policy as Viceroy, of which Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., who was among the speakers, expressed his cordial approval.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE addressed a Conservative meeting at Exeter on Tuesday, and, advertising to the last dynamite outrages, expressed a fear that they might, as in the case of the Clerkenwell explosion, induce Mr. Gladstone to give way to the Irish malcontents on questions of principle. Referring to Egypt, Sir Stafford protested against the continuance of the present system of uncertainty, of silence, and of mystery. He did not think it possible that England would rest satisfied with a policy leading to the control of other states, which have no such interest in Egypt as we have, and which have made no such sacrifices as ours.

ADDRESSING his constituents at Leeds on the same day, Mr. Herbert Gladstone denounced with some vigour the perpetrators of these outrages, and animadverted on Mr. Parnell's silence on the subject. At the same time, the Premier's son thought it opportune to entreat his countrymen not to relax in their efforts for justice to the people of Ireland, for whom he said that there was much to be done. He did, however, suggest that, for the protection of property from dynamitards, the operation of certain clauses of the Irish



THE GANGWAY ON THE MINISTERIAL SIDE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

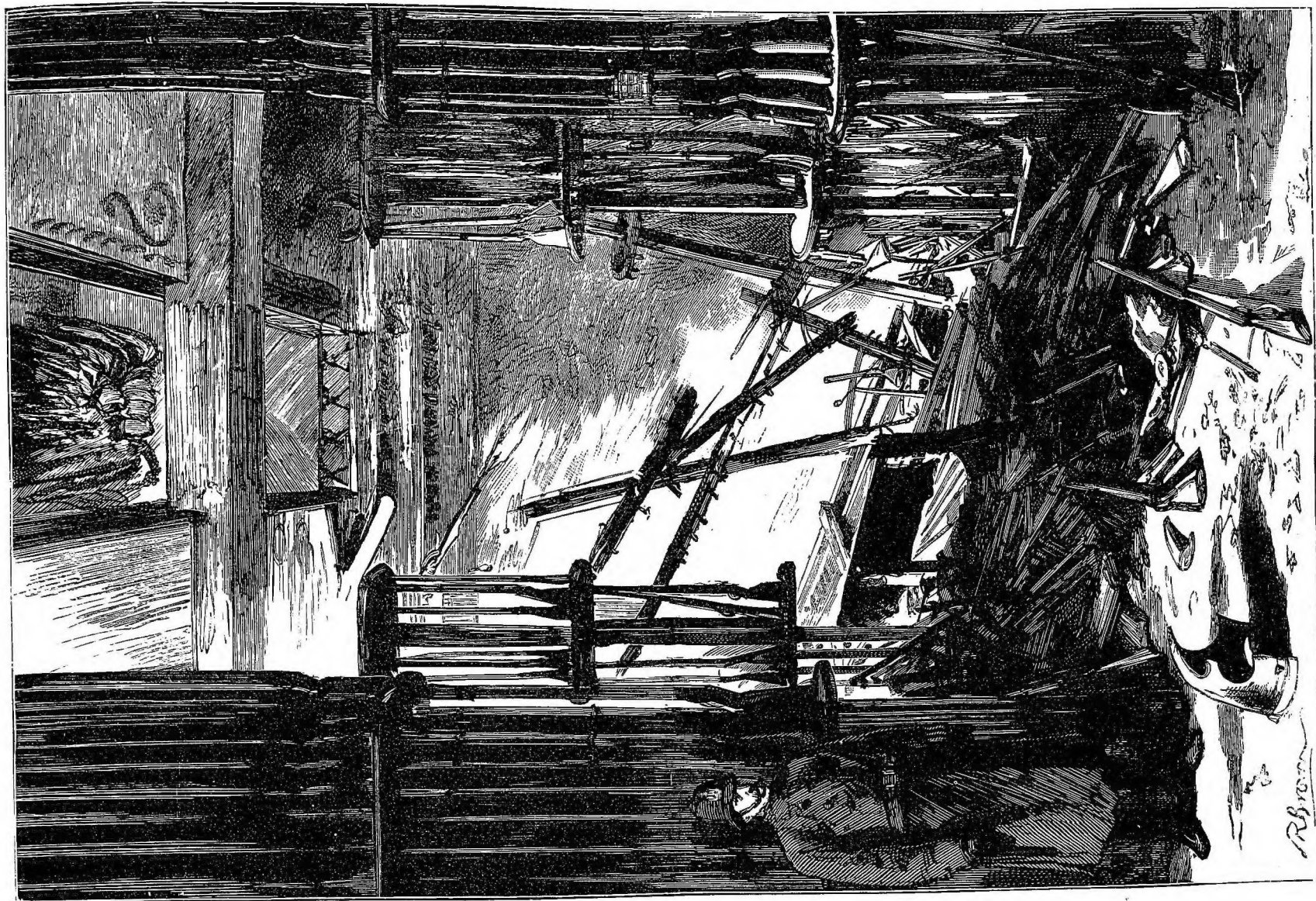


Mr. Gladstone's Seat
THE MINISTERIAL BENCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

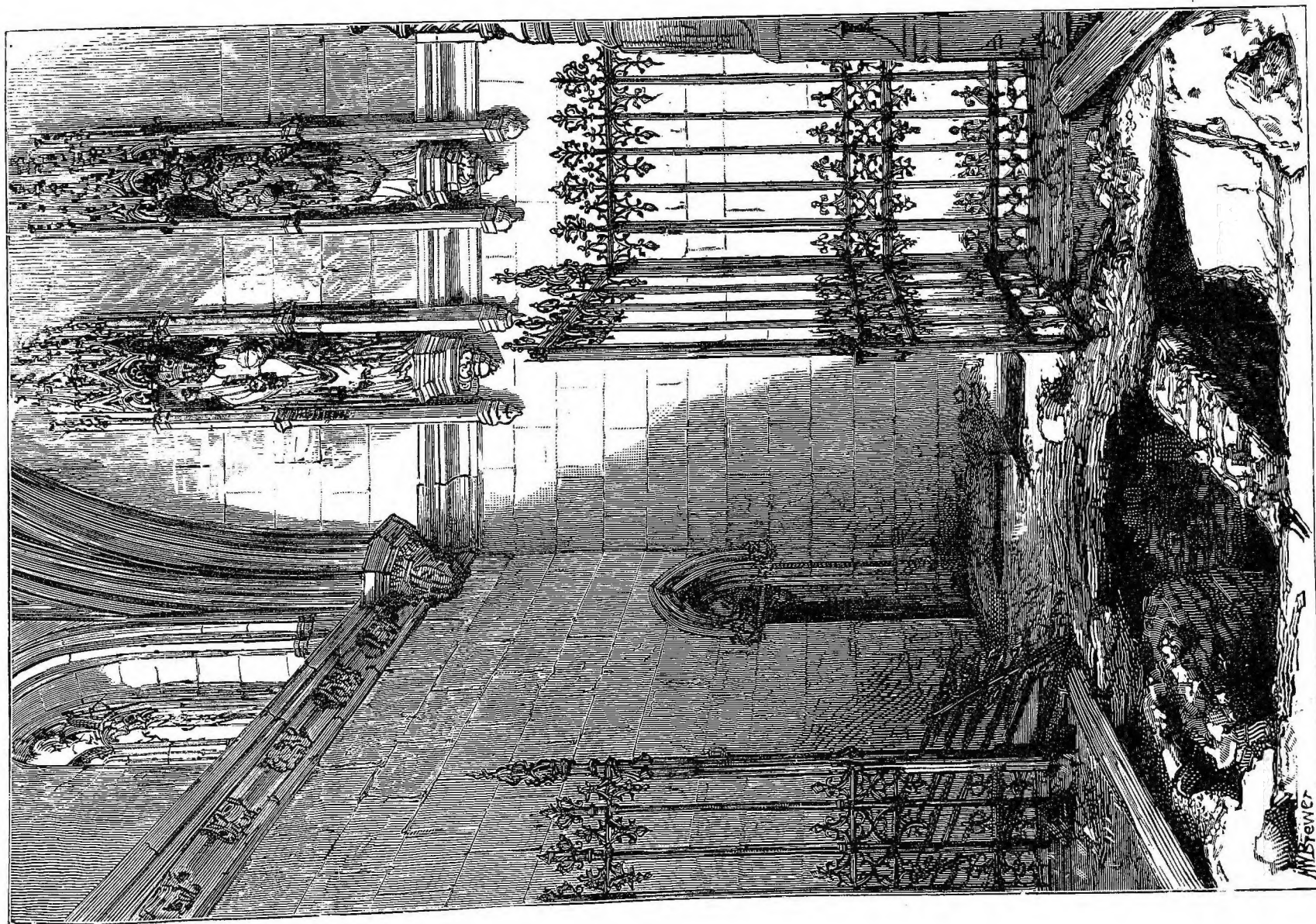


SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE AYE DIVISION LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON—AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



THE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE ARMOURY (BANQUETING ROOM, WHITE TOWER) OF THE TOWER OF LONDON



THE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION BY THE CRYPT STAIRS, WESTMINSTER HALL

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON—AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THE TOWER

Crimes Act might advantageously be extended to England. On the Egyptian policy of the Government all that Mr. Herbert Gladstone had to say was that it had to get out of the difficulty as soon as possible.

MR. PARNELL'S ADDRESS, early in the week, to a large meeting in County Clare was less remarkable for what he did than for what he did not say. It was for the most part a denunciation, at once vague and violent, of the Irish Land Act as falling far short of an equitable settlement of the land question, and contained not a single reference to, much less the slightest protest, direct or indirect, against the atrocious dynamite outrages in London on Saturday.

ON WEDNESDAY was held, under the Presidency of Sir Charles Dilke, the first meeting of the Industrial Remuneration Conference, the programme of which has already appeared in this column. The attendance was one thoroughly representative of our industrial interests and of the various schools of economic doctrine. The subject for the day was the question whether capital or labour had profited most by the increase of the products of industry during the last hundred years. Sir Thomas Brassey read a paper to disprove the notion that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer than before; but, admitting that the distribution of wealth was not as even as it should be, he said that for improvement in this respect our hopes must rest on co-operative industry. In the subsequent discussion full expression was given to the opinion that capital received too great a share of the profits of industry.

THE RETURNS, now completed, of the Volunteer force show a gratifying addition to it of 5,000 citizen soldiers during the last official year, which terminated on the 31st of October. The force then included 214,000, a number unparalleled in its history, and of these nearly 208,000 are returned as efficient.

A MOVEMENT IS ON FOOT among the Volunteers in Scotland to have a review on a Saturday towards the end of March as a counterpart to the Easter Monday Review in England.

A NEW AND TEMPTING OBJECT OF ANNEXATION by the Governments engaged in the "scramble for Africa" was presented in Mr. H. H. Johnston's most interesting account, given to the Royal Geographical Society this week, of his partial ascent and exploration of Kilima-Njaro, the great snow-capped mountain of Eastern Equatorial Africa, with its fertile plateaux and abundant flora and fauna. The impression made by Mr. Johnston and by Archdeacon Fowler, in charge of the Universities Mission, who also spoke, led Lord Aberdare, the President of the evening, to express his belief that an expedition would be fitted out by one country or another to take possession of a district which was, he said, to the rest of Africa what the Lake district is to England.

THE LORD MAYOR appeals for contributions to the almost exhausted funds of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People, which, with little more than 1,000l. at its command, has dealt during the year with upwards of 2,500 cases of unsanitary conditions in metropolitan dwellings.

MONDAY WAS THE ANNIVERSARY of the birth of the poet Burns (born on the 25th January, 1759), and the occasion was duly celebrated by Scotchmen south as well as north of the Tweed.

A LARGE POLICE FORCE has been despatched to Skye to arrest, if possible without military aid, the crofters implicated in the strenuous resistance offered towards the close of last month to sheriff's officers engaged in serving summonses for arrears of rent.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Marchioness of Normandy, at the age of sixty-eight; of Mary Anne Viscountess Torrington, widow of the late Viscount Torrington, formerly Governor of Ceylon, at the age of eighty; of Colonel Wadeson, Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who, as ensign in the 75th Regiment, received the Victoria Cross for "conspicuous bravery" in rescuing two British soldiers at the Siege of Delhi in 1857, at the age of fifty-eight; of Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay, a prominent member of Roman society, both English and Italian, author of "Rough Recollections of the Service and Society," and initiator of the movement which induced the Municipality of Rome to place a commemorative tablet on the front of the house in which Sir Walter Scott resided there in 1832; of the Rev. W. S. Lewis, a prominent Baptist minister, formerly pastor of Westbourne Grove Chapel, and author of "The Trade and Industrial Occupations of the Bible," among other works; of Mr. Richard Cox, one of Her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, who exerted himself to promote the acquisition of West Ham Park for public use; and of Dr. J. S. Jeffreys, almost the oldest British zoologist, who, after being a solicitor in extensive practice, went to the Bar, but abandoned the profession of the law to devote himself to his favourite science, conchology, of which he became by far the most eminent cultivator in this country, his elaborate work, "British Conchology," being recognised as the standard authority on the subject, at the age of seventy-six.



I.

THE opening paper in this month's *Harper's* is probably to the English reader the most interesting of the contributions to the Anglo-American magazine. The historical sketch of Hatfield House from the twelfth century, when the Bishops of Ely built themselves a sumptuous palace on the site of the future home of the Cecils, is excellently done by Mr. Henry Lucy, who writes the article. The drawings from photographs are well executed, and help to give some idea of the magnificence, beauty, and archaeological charm of one of the stateliest of English homes. Mr. Lucy concludes a biographical notice of Lord Salisbury's career as follows:—"Regarded personally, Lord Salisbury is the most striking figure in the Peerage—the nearest realisation modern conditions permit of the capable, headstrong, and imperious English Baron of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Had he been born four hundred years ago he would have filled a much larger place in history than is made possible for such as he by the trammels of the English Constitution of the nineteenth century."—Miss Lizzie Champney writes a story in the usual American style, "Professor Sarcophagus," treating of a crazy pedagogue.—The frontispiece in *Harper's* is from the striking, if fanciful, painting by Mr. F. S. Church, "The Mermaid and the Sea Wolf."

As to the *Century* for February, it is not necessary to allude again to papers and serials continued from and already noticed last month. An article on Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, will repay perusal. It is written with care and painstaking. Of the object of his criticism Mr. Stedman remarks:—"As a New Englander, he long ago was awarded the highest national praise—that of being, among all his tribe, the artist. His cleverness and versatility bewildered outside judges. Is he a genius? His prose, for the most part, is peculiarly original. His serious poetry scarcely has been the serious work of his life; but in his speciality—verse suited to the frolic or pathos of occasions—he has given us much of the best delivered in his own time, and has excelled all others in delivery. Both his strength and weakness lie in his genial temper and his brisk, speculative habit of mind. For, though almost the only modern poet who has infused enough spirit

into table and rostrum verse to make it worth recording, his poetry has appealed to the present rather than the future; and, again, he has too curious and analytic a brain for purely artistic work."

Among the most remarkable articles in the *North American Review* is one by Dr. W. G. T. Shedd on "The Certainty of Endless Punishment." The writer crosses swords with Archdeacon Farrar in no hesitating fashion. He maintains that endless punishment is rational because (1) it is supported by the human conscience; (2) because of the endlessness of sin; (3) because sin is an infinite evil; (4) because of "the preference of the wicked themselves;" and (5) it is proved rational by the history of morals. Without entering upon the merits of a controversy which for centuries has exercised the minds of theologians, we may observe that Dr. Shedd is a little too dogmatic and unfair in argument to contribute much to general enlightenment on so serious a subject as retribution for evil.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains its usual store of good stories, verses, and review articles. We can cordially recommend Mr. Craddock's "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain." The tone of this author's writing is peculiar to himself. Sadness hangs over his Tennessee scenery and characters, a sadness which is partly of the mountains, partly of America, and partly of religion. One feels the atmosphere in his picture of a strange life, in a way which speaks strongly for the artistic power of the writer.

In *Longman's*, Mr. William Black's "White Heather" does not advance very much as far as the development of plot is concerned, although the heroine—we presume Meenie Douglas will fill this, post of honour—increases in fascination, and Ronald Strang, the hero (?) excites sanguine expectations.—Mr. Wilson's story, "The Search Party's Find," is ghastly enough for those who care for the gloomy in fiction; and "An Incident of Empire," by H. Mallins, is a personal narrative of a dashing attack upon a Punjab mountain village by the Guides Cavalry, when commanded by those Indian heroes, Cavagnari and Wygram Batty.

Mr. Murray's serial, "Rainbow Gold," continued in the February number of *Cornhill*, promises to be full of sensation. In the instalment now before us we have lavish descriptions of fighting with the fists, in which the leading character distinguishes himself, and are introduced to a cynical, grandiose, and gigantic mystery of a Frenchman, one M. Hercule Bonaventure. Mr. Murray certainly does not fail to keep the reader on the *qui vive* of liveliest expectation.—"Experts in Handwriting" tells us a great deal about the origin of the class of experts of whom Mr. Chabot was so remarkable an example; and "The Daisycliffe Mystery" is a very fair sample of the short stories which have become a strong and marked feature in Mr. Payn's magazine. The distinguished novelist concludes "The Talk of the Town" in this number.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* does not call for any marked notice. Mr. Conway's story seems as if it were likely to depart from the even tenor of its way, and to become exciting. The author lifts the veil a little from the mystery of the opening chapter of "A Family Affair." Perhaps, however, with deep design he is only putting his readers on the wrong track. An historico-archaeological paper on "Naworth Castle," by M. Creighton, is worth reading.

The *Magazine of Art* for February has for its frontispiece an engraving of Mr. Arthur Hacker's painting in the Royal Institute, "The Wonder Story," a picture which "tells its story perfectly, and is touched with real humanity."—Mr. Richard Heath writes a first article on "Nicholas Poussin: the Man," which is excellent in point of style and of general interest as a biographical study of one of the greatest artists of the seventeenth century. Poussin to the last was devoted to his calling. "A swan's dying note," he said, "should be her sweetest."

The *Art Journal* has for its frontispiece a very beautiful line engraving, by Mr. J. C. Armitage, from Mr. Orchardson's well-known painting of "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon." Amid so much that is excellent in letterpress and illustration it is hard to choose for special praise, but Mrs. Alfred Hunt's "Lady Hilda's Town" is full of delightful description of seaside scenery and incident, and she has been aided too by such artists as Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. H. S. Percy.



THE revival of *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre is second to no Shakespearian performance of recent times in appropriate beauty of scenery and costumes; while it presents us with a Rosalind of whom we venture to say that no living playgoer has seen the equal. We agree with Mr. Archer in thinking that Mrs. Kendal's beautiful impersonation has improved since she was last seen upon the London stage. The part is played under advantages heretofore wanting; for nothing tends more directly to sustain the spirit of a leading performer than the consciousness of a general harmony and congruity in the representation. Far more than this, however, is discernible in this remarkable performance. There has been not only diligent study of the text but careful cultivation and adaptation of the powers of the actress. From first to last not a single instance of doubtful emphasis comes to mar the perfect spontaneity of her utterances, unless it be in the case of the words, "And I for no woman"—the stress being here put upon "woman," as if Rosalind would have her companions divine her secret; or again, in speaking the words, "Though Hero had been a nun"—Mrs. Kendal here emphasising "had" as if the lady had threatened Leander at some time to retire into a nunnery. To speak Shakespeare's lines as she speaks them, giving to every thought and image its due relief and relative value, and conveying at all times the impression, not of a lesson learned, but of living discourse flowing out of an ever-lively fancy, and a fund of animal spirits which has no bounds, may seem easy to some; and yet how rare it is! Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind is essentially womanly, and as such is the Rosalind of Shakespeare. This delightful creation is neither an Ariel nor a Miranda. Innocent as are her wit and sportive humours, they carry her occasionally even beyond the bounds of feminine delicacy. She is young, but she has been an observer both of men and women, and has no small stock of worldly wisdom and shrewd precept. The union with these qualities of a depth of womanly tenderness revealing itself again and again, and even at times against a strong effort of the will—this it is which gives the peculiar charm to Rosalind's character. We confess that we have not discovered the "artificiality" which some unsympathetic critics have imagined. Probably the failure to perceive that it is the whim of Rosalind to cast her speeches in a rhetorical form, which occasionally requires that they shall take a certain tinge of humorous exaggeration, may lie at the bottom of this complaint; but if so the actress is certainly wiser than her censors. To us her buoyant vivacity has the essential ring of sincerity; nor is there less truth, we think, in her pathos. The comedy is, on the whole, well acted. Mr. Kendal's Orlando is manly, graceful, and intelligent, and, what is hardly less important, he looks handsome, even without taking into account the picturesque effect of the costume which Mr. Lewis Wingfield, whose careful study of this important item in the representation cannot be too highly praised, has designed for him. Mr. Hare's Touchstone is

the Touchstone of the text, who masks a shrewd wit, a tendency to satirical reflection, and a certain not-too-pronounced vein of misanthropy under the eccentricity and the license permitted to his office. It is in all respects an interesting performance, and one which, to the playgoer who knows Shakespeare in books—which is not always the same thing as Shakespeare on the stage—will afford a peculiar pleasure. Mr. Herman Vezin's Jacques is too well known to the public to require commendation. Not so the Adam of Mr. Maclean, who justly won the favour of the audience by his force and pathos. The Celia of Miss Linda Dietz, the Phoebe of Miss Webster, and the Audrey of Miss Lea are distinguished by moderation and good taste, though a trifle wanting in colour. The great set scenes are the Ducal Palace, painted after suggestions of the Château d'Amboise by Mr. Perkins, and the forest, a solidly-built, up and lovely scene by Mr. Harford, which is the occasion of some beautiful effects in electric lighting. General disappointment has been felt at the substitution of new settings for the old ones, with the exception, however, of Mrs. Kendal's "Cuckoo Song," interpolated, according to custom, from *Love's Labour Lost*, and sung by her with exquisite art, though it is fair to say that Mr. Cellier's music is both tuneful and in the appropriate vein. Much care, indeed, is bestowed on the vocal music which is sung by Mr. Stedman's choir. The introduction of Marlowe's "Shepherd's Song" has been objected to on the double ground that it is not Shakespeare's, and that it is incorrectly printed. The poem, however, was at least published in the poet's lifetime as "By William Shakespeare," and precisely in the form complained of, with the exception of a single accidentally-transposed letter; and though the best critics assign it to Marlowe, it was never claimed by him. It is gratifying to be able to add that the efforts of the management were rewarded with such a reception as seldom falls to the lot even of the most successful ventures. Never was an audience more genuinely enthusiastic than the distinguished gathering which witnessed the first representation of *As You Like It* on Saturday evening.

The new play, entitled *In His Power*, at the OLYMPIC Theatre, is the work of Mr. Quinton, a young actor, whose knowledge of the stage has enabled him to weave familiar materials in a fashion which gives his piece a fair claim to originality. The work is essentially melodramatic. Subtle portraiture, adequate motive, or close interdependence of events it certainly cannot boast; neither are its incidents very probable. Yet the play undoubtedly excites and interests. Miss Ada Cavendish, who returns to the stage after a severe illness to sustain the character of the heroine, is provided with a decidedly congenial part; and, though there is something almost irredeemably repulsive in the notion of her drugging and robbing her husband (an English volunteer in the French army at the time of the siege) of an important despatch at the bidding of a scoundrel who has her, according to the title of the play, "in his power," there can be no question that the character in her hands commanded the sympathy of the spectators. Mr. Kyrle Bellow plays the part of the victim of this outrageous act of domestic treason with all the gallantry and chivalrous bearing which it demands, and would play it better still if it were not for his inordinate fondness for picturesque attitudinising. The author sustains an incidental part in his own piece with some effect, but his method savours rather too strongly of stage tradition. The Olympic has just passed into the hands of Mr. Edgar Bruce, and there is good reason to expect that this piece will materially aid in restoring its somewhat fallen fortunes.

Two new burlesques by Mr. Burnand are in preparation at the EMPIRE Theatre. The subjects are *Mazepa* and *The Courier of Lyons*.

Mr. Irving's large collection of "Keaniana" has received an important addition in the four volumes purchased for him by his old friend Mr. Lowne, at the sale of Mr. Herman's library. They consist of a copy of Mr. F. W. Hawkins's "Life of Edmund Kean," expanded by the insertion of a large number of portraits, autograph letters, and other Kean relics.

The ladies and gentlemen who took part—or rather parts—in the performance of *As You Like It*, in Coombe House grounds, last summer, have formed an "open air dramatic company" to be known as "The Pastoral Players." This is not, as might be imagined, a revolt against the high rents of our theatres, but simply the development of a fancy for *al fresco* performances. Lady Archibald Campbell, who, it will be remembered, played Orlando to the Rosalind of Miss Calhoun, is the president and leading spirit in the movement.

The unfortunate *Princess George* at the PRINCE'S Theatre will shortly give way to *The School for Scandal*, with Mrs. Langtry in the part of Lady Teazle.

A crowded audience assembled on the occasion of Mr. Frederick Burgess's benefit at St. James's Great Hall on Tuesday. The first part of the programme comprised the usual serenaders' entertainment, after which a succession of theatrical and musical celebrities made their appearance. Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Fred. Leslie, and Mr. Arthur Roberts sang; the ladies charmingly, the gentlemen amusingly. Admired recitations were given by Miss Alice Lingard, Mr. Charles Warren, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. George Barrett; and a scene from the Gaiety burlesque, *Very Little Hamlet*, was presented by Miss Farrer and Mr. Edward Terry.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL'S address to the members of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on the occasion of his assuming the chair for the first time as President of the Institution, contains much valuable and interesting information upon a great variety of subjects. And the information is not only of technical interest, as many might suppose, but deals with subjects of a popular character in a highly popular manner. Two points with regard to the well-being of our coal miners—in whom most persons take some interest—are especially worthy of attention. The introduction of coal-cutting machines some years ago would, it was hoped, lead to some amelioration in the hard lot of the poor collier, both in saving him much fatiguing labour in constrained positions of the body, and in shielding him from personal danger. "It is a matter of deep regret on many grounds," says Sir F. Bramwell, "but especially as showing how little the true principles of political economy are realised by working men, that the commercial failure of these machines is due to their opposition." The other point to which we call attention is the introduction of the lime cartridge in lieu of gunpowder and other explosive agents, for breaking down the face of the coal. This new cartridge consists of a plug of highly-compressed lime, to which water can be applied after it has been placed in a boring in the coal. The access of water causes the lime to swell to such a degree that it constitutes a formidable wedge, which forces the coal asunder as gunpowder might do, but without any danger from explosion or ignition of fiery gases. According to Sir F. Bramwell, the merits of this system are now universally recognised, but it is feared that trade prejudices prevent its introduction. When we constantly hear the most frivolous and childish questions being asked in Parliament, it seems a shame that such matters as these—matters of life and death—should be passed over unnoticed.

An electrical tramcar has for some little time been running experimentally at Millwall, and improvements have been introduced which make an important reduction in the weight of apparatus to be carried. The accumulators, or secondary batteries, weigh one ton and a quarter, the motor and the other parts bringing up the total

weight of the driving machinery to two tons. The car runs on two four-wheeled bogies, and the total weight, with forty-six passengers, is so distributed that at no point does more than 15 cwt. rest on the rails. The line is a very irregular one, comprising some sharp curves and steep gradients, but these are easily surmounted. The accumulators will work without recharging for about two hours, but as to the cost of running, compared with horse traction, we have no information.

Experiments of a like nature are being carried out on the New York Elevated Railway, and all interested in this application of the dynamo machine will look with interest to the results. It is said that Sir William Thomson is invited to occupy the post of consulting electrician.

A substitute for cod-liver oil is advocated by Dr. Lyons, of Detroit, in eulachon oil, which comes from a small fish common on the Pacific coast of America—known as the Eulachon, or candle fish. This latter name is derived from its very oily nature, for when dried the fish can be burnt like a torch. The oil is said to differ from cod-liver oil in many respects, but chiefly in containing a substance not unlike paraffin, which will not saponify. It is pale straw colour, rather more viscid than cod oil, and less repulsive in odour and taste.

The number of applications for patents for last year numbered upwards of 17,000. It will be remembered that on January 1st of that year the new patent law came into force by which patentees can get provisional protection for a very small fee. The increase of work has led to the appointment of a number of gentlemen as examiners, but even now more are wanted, for the specifications awaiting examination are much in arrears. Anxious inventors have in many cases to wait nearly two months for the letter which tells them that their patent is accepted or rejected.

For the second time the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been awarded to Dr. W. Huggins for his researches in Astronomical Physics.

It is reported that a Professor of San Francisco has discovered a sure preventive of that dreaded pest of the wine-grower, the *Phylloxera*. He mixes quicksilver with an equal weight of clay, and puts one ounce of the mixture into the hole in which each vine is planted. The expense of this quaint remedy would suffice to make it prohibitive, to say nothing of the trouble of treating the vines in detail. It reminds one somewhat of the old method of snaring a bird by applying chloride of sodium to its caudal appendage.

Mr. Teale, of Leeds, claims that if his coal economiser were universally adopted the country would save some nine million tons of coal per annum. This contrivance is of the most simple description, and can be adapted to any grate with little trouble or expense. It consists of a shield which blocks up the space between the lowest bar and the hearth. The space so boxed in then forms a hot chamber in which the air is heated before acting upon the fuel above—a miniature "hot blast" in fact. One precaution is necessary in its use. The hearth gets so hot, that care should be taken that it does not rest upon upon any woodwork beneath.

Whilst dynamite has left its wanton and destructive mark upon the old Tower of London in one place, reconstruction has been busily at work in another. The original foundations of the Lanthorne Tower were unearthed some years ago, and, with the help of sketches, this historical structure has been rebuilt on its ancient site. This erection is the first step towards restoring the fortress to its original condition, before it became disfigured by storehouses and other buildings quite foreign to its general design. The new tower is circular in form and sixty feet in height. It is built in a most solid manner, with walls five feet in thickness, and the work has been executed by Mr. Taylor, of the Board of Works.

The Parisians seem to be far better off in the matter of telephonic communication than are Londoners. The subscribers in the smaller city exceed those of the greater, although the subscription in Paris is 24/ against our subscription of 20/. The causes of the greater popularity of the system in Paris are not far to seek. Here in London communication is rigidly limited to subscribers, and no member can allow a non-subscribing friend to use his instrument. In Paris, on the other hand, any stranger can enter a telegraph office, and can for a trifling fee converse for five minutes with his friend at a distance. The convenience of the system is obvious, and our Telephone Companies will be shortsighted indeed if they do not see that, by thus advertising the wonderful capabilities of telephonic communication, they are likely to win hundreds of new subscribers.

A paragraph in the report prepared by the India Office upon the sanitary measures adopted in India during the year 1882-83 will cause some surprise to those who have hitherto imagined that life in our Eastern possessions is very often synonymous with death. "The sanitary progress in British regiments has overtaken that in native corps in their own country." This means that the difference between the rates of sickness and mortality between European and native soldiers is *nil*, and that the matter is altogether dependent upon the adoption of those sanitary laws which modern science has pointed out to be necessary. T. C. H.

THE QUESTION OF THE SUNDAY OPENING OF MUSEUMS will again be brought before Parliament during the coming Session.

THE COSTUME BALL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, which was expected to be one of the most striking features of last season, and was postponed in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany, will be held next May.

"SUMS AND ST. VITUS."—With reference to an article on this subject, which appeared in our issue of the 10th inst., Dr. Octavius Sturges writes disclaiming the statement attributed to him, that "one-sixth of the cases of St. Vitus's Dance are from the Board Schools." He says: "My actual statement had reference to schooling in general, and especially to ciphering. My distinct impression is that it is not the Board schools, but the *bad* schools, which are chiefly responsible for St. Vitus's Dance."

KAROLINE BAUER'S MEMOIRS.—Messrs. Remington have written to us objecting to the words, "A Literary Hoax," which, quoting Professor Max Müller, we used last week in reference to Karoline Bauer's Memoirs. The correspondence which has been published since our Note went to press brings pretty strong evidence to confirm the authenticity of the Memoirs, and to rebut Mr. Max Müller's criticism. The good faith of the publishers was never in question, and was not impugned by us. This said, we have nothing to retract from the opinion we expressed as to the object onable character of this and other books of a similar kind.

THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY yearly becomes more appreciated by the East-Enders, and over 100,000 readers, principally artisans, have made use of the library within the last few years. As the institution entirely depends on voluntary support, however, it is not very easy to meet the expenses, especially when, after several seasons' use, books need repairing and rebinding, many works in special request are worn out and must be replaced, and from increased demand fresh library and reading accommodation must be provided. These extra items will cost 250/., and the public help is asked to supply the deficit, as well as to assist the ordinary work of the library, which has proved successful far beyond expectation. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Tyler, 247, Hackney Road, E., or the Librarian, Mr. G. F. Hilcken, at the Library, E.



THE POPULAR FANCY FOR ORCHIDS shows no sign of decline. A fine variety of the *Loelia anceps*, with pure white sepals and petals, has just been sold for 94/ 10s.

"A CATALOGUE OF THE REJECTED" will be brought out in London, this spring, as a companion to the "Illustrated Academy Catalogue," containing sketches of works *not* hung at Burlington House.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE CONGO will shortly be undertaken by Mr. Graham, well-known for his mountaineering experiences in the Himalayas. It is said that he will be accompanied by the Grindelwald guide, Boss.

THE LARGEST DOG IN THE WORLD is said to be owned by a resident in Albany, U.S.A., so the Albany *Sunday Press* tells us. This monster mastiff, Senator, measures 7 ft. from his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighs 160 lbs.

THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE IN AGRICULTURE is being tried in France. A large landowner in the Department of the Loire has established a regular circle of telephonic communication throughout the whole of his estates, using the largest trees as stations, and thus can simultaneously direct operations in all parts of his domain.

ASSES' EARS ARE THE LATEST BONNET ORNAMENTS in Paris, an extraordinary novelty in trimmings which far distances such curiosities as mice, mushrooms, and watercresses. A leading Paris belle has just appeared in a grey felt bonnet adorned with a pair of real dried donkey's ears, which are stated to look charming on her *chapeau au Roi Midas*.

THE WATERWAYS OF HOLLAND are being utilised for the defence of the country, after a fashion peculiarly characteristic of Dutch ingenuity. In time of danger, by opening certain dams and barriers, and flooding various lands, Holland can surround herself by a water-line of sixty miles in length, and from five to ten miles wide, effectually blocking all advance from Germany on the east. A few narrow roads, guarded by fortifications, will intersect the inundations, which, though kept shallow to avoid hostile vessels approaching, will conceal numerous deep trenches, to prevent the enemy from wading through the stream. In winter, when the waters freeze, the depth of the inundations will be increased, and, after the surface has frozen, the waters below will be drained off, leaving a thin ice crust ready to give way under the weight of troops, and plunge them into the trenches below.

CITIES SUPPLIED WITH NATURAL GAS do not find the privilege an unmixed blessing, as the American town of Pittsburg has lately discovered. Pittsburg, the *American Architect* tells us, obtains her gas from the wells underlying the whole neighbourhood, the houses and streets being connected by strong pipes with the wells, which thus provide both fuel and light. Unfortunately the gas issues from the earth with such force that the pipes are hardly strong enough to confine it, while, being nearly inodorous, any escape cannot be detected, as with coal gas. Thus in a single day three explosions took place, completely demolishing two houses and severely injuring several people. The gas-bearing stratum is a bed of soft, pebbly sandstone, at a depth of 1,600 feet, underneath solid rock, and some of the wells produce quite 10,000,000 cubic feet daily. The pressure is strongest in the afternoon, and fluctuates with the changes of the moon.

THE COMING ANTWERP EXHIBITION promises to be a decided success, judging from the interest taken by other nations, and the numerous demands for space. Already the promoters are obliged to place additional annexes, their space being too limited, while private native enterprise is eager to supply the funds for those work-people and trade-societies who are too poor to appear unaided. An international "Galerie de Travail" is being constructed to display a miscellaneous collection of national industries and inventions besides those represented in the respective sections, while the naval portion of the display will be especially strong, and trials of various vessels and marine inventions will be held on the Scheldt. Venice will specially illustrate her glass-manufacture, Germany her book and furniture trades, and Austria will decorate her department in mediæval style, the Emperor sending two magnificent ancient gates of wrought iron after the style of Quentin Matsys. The Colonial Section will form a prominent feature in the French Court, notably the exact copy of a wooden Laotian temple and a whole negro village brought from Western Africa. In the British Colonial Section, too, there will be a complete farm from Manitoba. The buildings will be lighted by various electric systems.

LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,817 deaths were registered against 1,855 during the previous seven days, a fall of 48, being 107 below the average, and at the rate of 23.1 per 1000. These deaths included 43 from small-pox (a decline of 4), (The Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 1,092 patients at the end of last week), 20 from measles (a decline of 7), 18 from scarlet fever (a fall of 3), 12 from diphtheria (a decline of 2), 24 from whooping-cough (an increase of 9), 1 from typhus fever, 9 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one either from an ill-defined form of fever or from cholera. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 513, a decline of 39, but were 24 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths: 59 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 10 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,803 births registered, against 2,876 during the previous week, being 41 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 31.9 deg., and 7.4 deg. below the average. The coldest day was on Wednesday, when the mean was only 28.1 deg., and was 11.2 deg. below the average. No rain was measured. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 1.9 hours, against 4.7 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE RECENT DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

SOCIAL DISCONTENT AT HOME AND ABROAD

UNTIL within the last few years, such crimes as those which were planned by Guido Fawkes and his accomplices were regarded as belonging to a semi-barbaric period, and as unlikely to recur. This belief has, however, not been maintained by recent experience. In spite of the great increase of wealth and of physical well-being generally, there is, in every (so-called) civilised country (for this peculiar evil is not found among savage or semi-savage nations), a section of the community who are restless, discontented, and despairing. Among the causes of the bitter feelings thus engendered may be mentioned the individual isolation produced by the life of great cities, the extra-sensitiveness resulting from the conditions of modern existence, the appalling contrasts between wealth and poverty, but perhaps, as most efficient of all, the decay of faith in God and in a future life. Believing in no existence except the present, and craving for pleasures which they cannot obtain, these persons seek their revenge and vent their disappointment in acts of destruction. To this category belong the Anarchists, Socialists,

and Nihilists of the Continent. Happily, partly owing to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon people have understood the principles of true freedom better than their Continental neighbours, and partly also because religion is still a genuine vital force in this country, these dismal destructives have made little progress here. But there is an exception. The perennial discontent of Ireland has been revived in a concentrated and especially malignant form among some of the Irish who have crossed the Atlantic. The result has been a base imitation of some of the worst deeds of the Continental Socialists, unredeemed by their self-sacrificing spirit, and unexcused by their undoubted sufferings in the cause of liberty. These Irish-American conspirators are a despicable crew, yet they manage to collect liberal subscriptions from their credulous countrymen, and by dint of inflammatory newspapers and of injuries inflicted on the persons and property of Englishmen, they have caused a great deal of mischief. Professing to be (on behalf of the Irish people) at war with England, they determine to worry and terrify the people of this country by the destruction of national property, not caring if innocent human beings are mutilated or killed in the accomplishment of their plans. They have been greatly aided by the discoveries of science. In dynamite they possess an explosive far more portable and effective than the gunpowder with which the conspirators against James I. and his Parliament were forced to be content.

PREVIOUS OUTRAGES

A BRIEF retrospect will show that these attempts have become very numerous, though hitherto they have providentially never come up to the expectations of their perpetrators. The explosion at the offices of the Local Government Board and the attempted blowing up of the *Times* office took place in March, 1883. A month later the Birmingham plot, which resulted in the conviction of Gallagher and several of his associates, was unravelled. A period of quiet followed until October 30th, when the explosions on the Underground Railway at Charing Cross and Praed Street occurred. In the following February part of Victoria Station was blown up, and other railway stations were endangered by the deposit of dynamite parcels. On May 30th took place the attacks on Scotland Yard, on the Nelson Column, and on the supposed public buildings in St. James's Square. The roll of the dynamitards' exploits for 1884 closed with the attempt to blow up London Bridge on December 13th. A few days after 1885 began there was another explosion on the Metropolitan Railway, and still later, on the 24th inst., the assaults on the Houses of Parliament and the Tower of London.

WESTMINSTER HALL

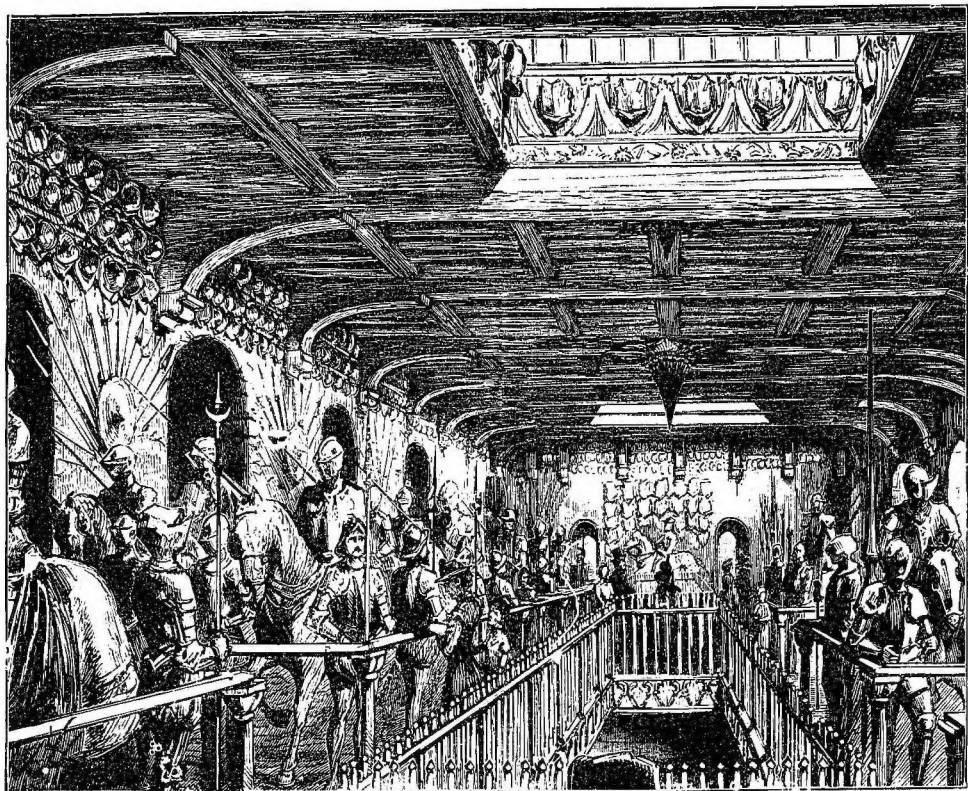
As everybody knows, when Parliament is not sitting, the Legislative Chambers are opened on Saturdays for the inspection of the public, the obtaining of tickets from the Lord Chamberlain's office being a mere formality. The dynamite miscreants took advantage of this opportunity. Among the visitors last Saturday were Mr. Green, a civil engineer, his wife, and her sister, Miss Davies. They were going down the steps to the crypt when Miss Davies perceived a roll of cloth from which a peculiar odour proceeded. Her brother-in-law at once scented or suspected dynamite, and used words to that effect. They all rushed upstairs, and told Police Constable Cole what they had seen. Cole ran down and picked up the parcel, intending to carry it to a place where its contents could be rendered harmless. Both he and another constable, Cox, who joined him, were impressed by the belief that it contained dynamite. Just as the former got to the iron gateway some greasy matter came from the bottom of the parcel, and burnt his hands, so that he could not hold it any longer. As he let it fall a tremendous explosion took place. It was severely felt on Westminster Bridge and in the adjacent streets, and the vast Hall was filled with a dense fog of dust (shaken down from the beams of the oaken roof) and vapour. The force of the explosion was so great that it burst through the stone pavement, shattering the stones, and leaving a hole, three feet in diameter and four feet in depth, at the entrance gate leading to the crypt. The two policemen, Mr. Green, and the two ladies were all thrown into this hole. The three former sustained serious injuries, but Mrs. Green and her sister, though their clothes were torn to shreds, and they were as black as sweeps, escaped without hurt, beyond a temporary deafness. The stained-glass south window of the Hall was broken in many places, other windows were completely shattered, holes were made in the roof admitting the daylight, and much broken glass was scattered about in the Hall and outside in Abingdon Street.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

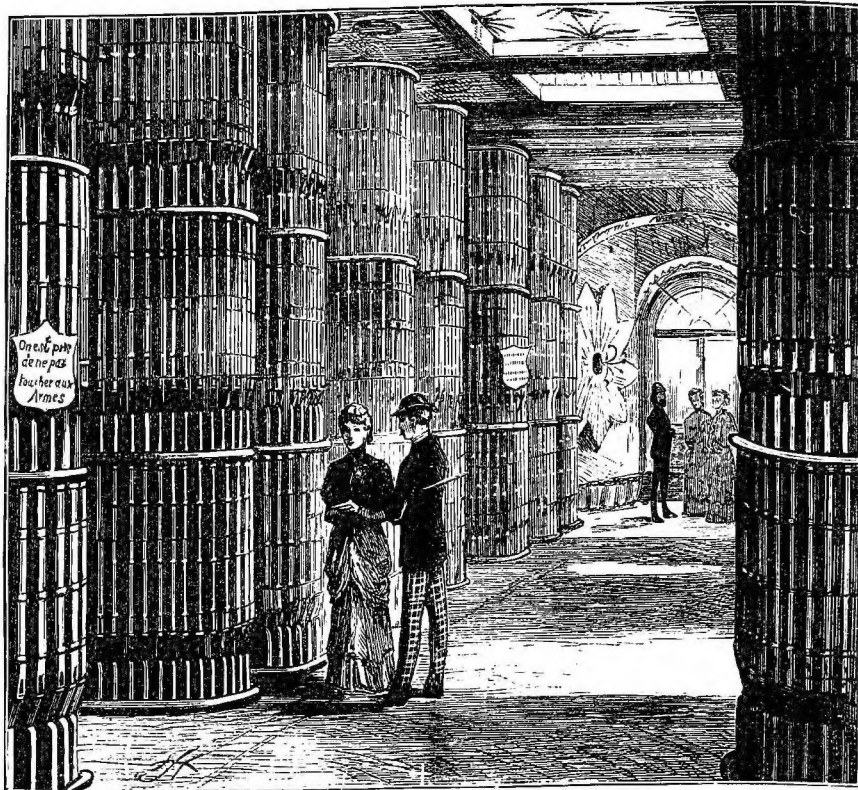
FORTUNATELY, on hearing the first explosion, most of the sight-seers who had been visiting the House of Commons hurried out, not from fear, but from motives of curiosity. This movement saved many of their lives and limbs. For, very soon after the first explosion, at exactly thirteen minutes past two, when the House of Commons clock was found to have stopped, a second explosion of a still more severe character shook the whole building, and it was soon found that the Chamber of the House of Commons had been wrecked by a parcel of dynamite, which had evidently been placed near the Cross-Benches under the Peers' Gallery. The Chamber presented the scene of a complete wreck. The partition between the Bar and the Lobby was wrecked, the benches of the Government side were torn up, and some of the seats were hurled into the gallery above. The Prime Minister's seat received especial damage. A man and woman were found running about the Chamber, begrimed with dirt, in a most excited state. They were detained, and examined carefully, but their account of themselves was found to be quite satisfactory. They could say nothing about the explosion, except that they were greatly frightened.

THE TOWER

THE scene of the explosion here was the White Tower, so famous in English history. This fine old building is divided into three storeys, the first and second of which are now employed as stores for new Martini-Henry rifles, of which, though in process of depletion for re-arming the Volunteers, over 100,000 are ranged in beautiful order in racks, where they are held in their places by spring clips. The third storey is the Horse Armoury, in which the ancient armour of knights and men-at-arms and horse-trappings are arranged to be seen by visitors. On Saturday last there were about a hundred sightseers being conducted by warders on their tour of inspection; and, as usual, they entered by a flight of steps, crossed St. John's Chapel (which forms the south-west corner of St. John's Tower), and then passed through a short right-angled passage to the second storey of the rifle store (the ancient Banqueting Hall), whence they obtained access by a staircase to the third storey, or Horse Armoury, which was the ancient Council Chamber of the Tower. Exactly at 2 P.M. a terrific report was heard, resembling the noise of the firing of a heavy piece of artillery. This was followed by a flare of flame, which rose up through the open well which communicates between the second and third storeys. Then succeeded the shivering of glass, the smashing of woodwork, and the toppling down of hundreds of rifles from the armoury racks, while a dense cloud of dust arose. The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed. The people rushed down the staircase, while the constables, attracted by their cries, went to the succour of those who were injured, and drew them from underneath the wreckage. Happily the personal injuries were comparatively trifling. The most serious cases were those of two young



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER



THE ARMOURY (BANQUETING ROOM, WHITE TOWER) BEFORE THE EXPLOSION
The Cross Marks the Spot Where it is Supposed the Dynamite was Laid

women and two boys, who were taken to the hospital, where they have since got on favourably. Many other persons were slightly hurt by broken glass and falling wood and arms. The fire which had broken out, and which, if allowed to rage, would speedily have destroyed thousands of valuable rifles, was extinguished by the Tower Fire Brigade, which went to work with such energy and celerity that when some dozen of the Metropolitan Brigade's steamers had arrived, there was nothing for them to do, the fire having been completely got under. The dynamite which caused all this destruction was deposited in the large chamber in the centre storey, known as the Banqueting Hall. It is about thirty yards long by twenty broad. The whole of the space, with the exception of passages, was filled with racks of rifles, tier upon tier. A wall divides this room from St. John's Chapel,

and it is supposed that the dynamite was placed between this wall and a rack of rifles which stood distant from it about eighteen inches. In the Council Chamber above the Banqueting Hall the violence of the concussion was forcibly shown in the damage done to the flooring. The thick plate-glass of the cases in which the ancient armour was exhibited was smashed to atoms. The damage done inside the Tower proves to be greater than at first supposed. Still, comparatively few of the objects in the collection of ancient implements of warfare have been destroyed, and the total loss is estimated at about a thousand pounds.

THE SUPPOSED CRIMINALS

At the time of writing there is unfortunately little that is satisfactory to be said under this head. It is supposed that the dynamite

both at Westminster and at the Tower may have been introduced either by women or by men disguised as women, on account of the stowage-space afforded by female skirts. A police notice has been issued giving a precise description of a certain man and woman, and requesting persons who saw either of these persons at Westminster Hall on Saturday to communicate with the police. At the Tower there was arrested a young man, who is a native of County Cork, who has been several years in New York, and who gave two different names and several addresses. At last he gave his correct address, where some very good clothes were found. Although he described himself as a dock labourer, and admitted that he had done no work for some time, he had 7s. 10s. upon him when arrested. He has been examined at Bow Street, and remanded for a week.



THE OLD HORSE ARMOURY

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON—AT THE TOWER

THE LATE
COLONEL F. G. BURNABY,
ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE).

AN ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHY

THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGNS are costing England dear. Hicks, O'Donovan, Stewart, and Burnaby—these are men for whom we could have wished a better fate than to be speared by gallant Arabs "struggling to be free." In a time like ours when it is often complained that the age of romance has ceased, a career like that of the late Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards is so unusual that we

emphasis. He was as ready in debate as in action. On the platform at large political gatherings he displayed the same qualities of energy and dash which he displayed on the Khivan steppes, or before an Arab fortress in the Soudan. If he was unpopular at the Horse Guards, he was daily becoming more popular with the people; and by his adventurous journeyings in Asia and his repeated excursions in

Norfolk. His family was a good one; and he could boast, it is said, of being nineteenth in descent from Edward I. At Harrow he distinguished himself more by his mastery of modern languages than his knowledge of the classics. His literary tastes were developed early; for rebelling, as so many high-spirited boys have, against the fagging system then so prevalent in large public schools, young Burnaby



MRS. FRED BURNABY
Authoress of "The High Alps in Winter"



COLONEL F. G. BURNABY
Born March 3, 1842. Killed in the Battle of Abou Klea,
Jan. 17, 1885

have thought it worthy some longer notice than that ordinarily accorded to the soldier who bravely meets his death in battle. For Burnaby was more than a soldier. He was a man who, without being in any sense entitled to be called great, yet united in his person many of the qualities which Englishmen are most accustomed to admire. His physical bravery and his extraordinary personal strength are almost as well-known to-day as are the similar qualities of Richard Cœur de Lion. His intellectual were on a corresponding plane with his physical qualities. His mind was strong, active, tenacious. He had decided opinions, and expressed them with

balloons, he added something to our knowledge of both geography and aeronautics. Burnaby was therefore a public man in a wider sense than that in which the mere soldier, however distinguished, is a public man. His qualities of mind were not rare; but seldom have mental and physical qualities been so happily blended.

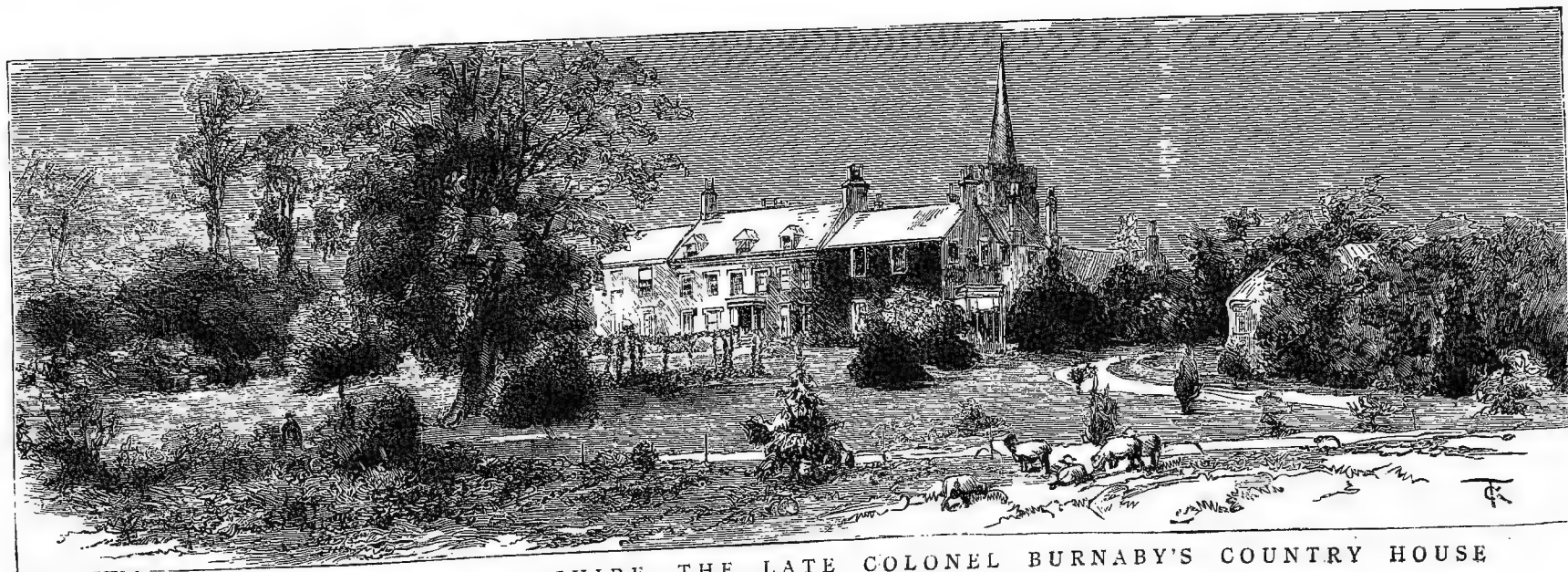
BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS BURNABY was born at Bedford, March 3rd, 1842. He was the son of the Rev. G. Burnaby, by Harriett, sister of Mr. H. Villebois, of Marham House,

wrote a hot protest, which was accepted and printed by the editor of *Punch*. From Harrow young Burnaby passed to Germany, where he much improved his knowledge of modern languages, and on September 30th, 1859, he was gazetted Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), with which crack corps he served ever since; rising to be Lieutenant in 1861; Captain in 1866; Major in 1879; Lieutenant-Colonel in 1880; and Colonel in September, 1884.

EARLY JOURNEYS

CAPTAIN BURNABY was able very early to indulge his
(Continued on page 108)



SOMERBY HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY'S COUNTRY HOUSE



THE anxiety which had been caused by the absence of any intelligence from General Stewart's little column in EGYPT was relieved on Wednesday evening by the news of another decided victory on the 19th inst., and the subsequent meeting of our troops with those of General Gordon. General Stewart, however, has been seriously wounded, and our losses have been very heavy. To resume the chronicle of events, General Stewart on the 18th inst. continued his advance to the Nile, and in compliance with Lord Wolsley's orders to strike the Nile above Metemneh, marched to the right of that town. Nothing was seen of the enemy until sunrise on the 19th inst., when the troops arrived at a point some five miles distant from the Nile. The Soudanese were then seen to be in great force between our troops and the Nile, and mainly gathered about some intervening ridges. General Stewart, however, as the troops had been marching all night, determined that the men should not fight upon empty stomachs, and called a halt. A zeriba was hastily constructed, but the enemy, pushing forward, poured a galling fire with telling effect. General Stewart was wounded in the thigh, two newspaper correspondents, Mr. Cameron of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert of the *Morning Post*, were killed, and a third, Mr. Barleigh of the *Daily Telegraph*, slightly wounded. The command, according to seniority, devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford, but, holding naval rank, he delegated the military command to Sir Charles Wilson, who determined to attack the enemy without further delay. At two P.M. the troops moved out, in square formation, being disposed in almost the same manner as at Abu Klea—the zeriba, with the wounded and stores, being left strongly guarded under Lord Charles Beresford. The square advanced steadily under a withering fire, returning the volleys with striking effect. The enemy then attempted to charge three times, but owing to the fire of our men were unable to get within thirty yards of our force, although their number was estimated at 10,000. Another detachment of the Soudanese made an attack upon the zeriba, but were repulsed by Captain Norton's small battery of artillery, and eventually the whole line of the enemy retreated completely beaten and in disorder, leaving a large number of killed and wounded on the field, our loss being six killed and twenty-three wounded—Quartermaster A. G. Lima, 19th Hussars, and Conductor A. C. Jewell, of the Commissariat Department, being amongst those killed.

After camping during the night on the banks of the Nile the square marched back to the zeriba, and in the evening the whole force advanced to the banks of the Nile, where strong entrenchments were thrown up. After a night's rest undisturbed by the enemy the troops were once more on foot, and made a reconnaissance towards Metemneh. That town, however, was found to be fortified, and beyond a skirmish with the outposts no action took place. A pleasant surprise, however, was in store for our men, as four of Gordon's steamers arrived, which at once landed 500 men and five guns as reinforcements. It was decided, however, not to waste time and men in storming Metemneh, but to send a portion of the troops at once to Khartoum. Shendi, however, was vigorously bombarded, and practically destroyed, and several of the outlying villages round Metemneh were burnt to the ground. On the 24th inst. Sir Charles Wilson and the Sussex Regiment left for Khartoum in two steamers, Colonel Boscawen being left behind in command of the entrenchments at Gubat on the Nile with about 900 men. Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, and three men were despatched with the news to Lord Wolsley at Korti, which they succeeded in reaching on the 28th inst. without encountering any opposition. At Abu Klea he found that two officers wounded at the recent battle had died—Lord St. Vincent, 16th Lancers, and Lieutenant Guthrie, R.A.

Lord Wolsley, before receiving the news of General Stewart's victory, had on Monday despatched a strong convoy of reinforcements to Gakdul, and on Wednesday the Royal Irish, and subsequently the West Kent Regiments, were to be sent forward, the charge of the desert route being given to Sir Redvers Buller. General Earle has also been pushing forward from Hamdab, whence he started on the 24th for Berber. He has with him the Staffordshire and Black Watch Regiments, covered on the bank by the Cavalry and Camel Corps, together with the Mudir's Soudanese. On Monday they reached El Kabur, above the Fourth Cataract. The enemy was expected to be first encountered at Birti, where the Monassir tribe, under the leadership of the murderer of Colonel Stewart, was said to have collected; but up to the present time no hostile force has been even sighted. On Tuesday General Earle reached the Cataract of Kadelab, about twenty-two miles below Birti, and it was thought doubtful if any opposition would be offered by the garrison. Meanwhile reinforcements have been sent to Suakin, where it is now probable that a serious effort will be made to crush Osman Digna's forces and open communications across the desert to Berber.

The effect of General Stewart's first victory at Cairo and Alexandria had been somewhat lessened by the anxiety with regard to his subsequent movements, and this in a great measure affected the comments of the Continental Press, which has in the main been sympathetic. The death of Colonel Burnaby has caused universal regret, and the French papers have expressed the most kindly feelings, both with regard to his individual bravery and that of General Stewart's troops. In Italy, also, the journals have been loud in their praise of the dogged courage shown by our soldiers; but in Germany there has been a disposition to sneer at the victory as one simply gained over a horde of savages, armed merely with clubs.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS at Westminster and the Tower, however, have been the chief British topic discussed this week on the Continent. In France all the Moderate journals vigorously denounce the outrages. Even M. Clémenceau's *Justice* stigmatises them as "crimes not only useless in themselves—if a crime can be said to be ever useful—but crimes damaging, perhaps fatal, to the liberty of Ireland and to the lot and the existence of thousands of Irish peasants." The *Temps* declares that the Fenian attempts must arouse "general indignation throughout the civilised world. Every one must energetically protest against deeds which constitute a negation of all the principles of social progress and lead us back to a state of savagery." At the same time, the London correspondent of the *Temps* puts forward in all seriousness the theory that the outrages are the work of the police to prevent any reduction of the force being made. Such, however, is not the tone adopted by such ultra journals as the *Cri du Peuple*, which professes to know all about the operations of the Fenians in Paris, the manufacture of the dynamite there, and the mode in which it was transported by women, or men dressed in women's clothes, across the Channel. The English police are laughed at for their powerlessness, and are asked if any police have ever succeeded in saving from the abyss "monarchies which are splitting up and tottering to their fall?" Indeed, all shades of French journalists have made the matter a text for enlarging upon the superiority of Republican institutions and—liberty!

Not so their German contemporaries, who, in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, preach a very different doctrine, and declare that unless Mr. Gladstone makes up his mind to take drastic measures against the Anarchist movement Englishmen must not be surprised if a steady increase of these diabolical crimes spreads terror throughout the land. Russia also takes the opportunity of remarking that England is now paying the penalty of offering a free asylum to Nihilists and Anarchists; while Austria (who herself has been suffering pretty severely of late from Anarchists) adopts the same view, and declares that England is suffering from not having joined in the national league against these plotters against all constitutional rule. Italy and Spain both energetically inveigh against the infamy of the dynamitards, and call upon the United States to prevent such villainous crimes being organised under the cloak of American hospitality.

The same feeling prevails in the UNITED STATES themselves, where the news was received with the utmost indignation and horror, all but the Fenian organs expressing the greatest possible detestation of the outrages, and urging the Government at once to take steps to prevent such plots being hatched and matured on American soil. In Congress itself Mr. Edmunds' Bill for preventing and punishing crimes committed with explosives, and those in any way connected with the transport of such explosives, had, curiously enough, just been brought in. A resolution was at once proposed and passed in the Senate, expressing indignation and sorrow at the explosions in London, and horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilisation. In the Pennsylvania State Legislature, also, a resolution has been introduced for regulating the sale and manufacture of dynamite, and expressing indignation and regret at the London outrages, while a most stringent measure of the same kind has been laid before the New York Legislature. The Americans are now fairly aroused against the dynamite faction. The *New York Herald*, admitting that the plans of these fiends are laid in America, declares "it is no question of Irish independence, it is a question of dastardly assassination. If moral law exists, if society is bound together by any other code than that of accident, we declare that this leprosy must be stamped out now and for ever." The *New York Times* takes the same tone, and remarks: "Such outcasts as Patrick Ford and O'Donovan Rossa glory in their efforts to stir up a spirit of assassination, and make constant appeals for funds, which are used to send dynamite to England for the destruction of property and the promiscuous slaughter of innocent persons. Moreover, Patrick Ford having admitted upon oath that certain funds in his custody were used for this purpose, proof of the offence which he confesses ought to bring him under the severest penalties of the laws for the protection of human life." The Fenian organs, of course, are most jubilant over the success of the "skirmish." O'Donovan Rossa declares that merchants and bankers are backing him in his struggle for independence, and publishes a plan for simultaneously firing the principal London squares by lodging fifty of his agents in the neighbouring streets.

At the same time in an interview Mrs. Parnell is said to have stated her opinion that the explosions would injure her son's work, but the *New York Herald* expresses itself very strongly respecting the leader of the Irish party. It pronounces that the work of the dynamitards in London is as deadly to Mr. Parnell's control in Ireland as were the Phoenix Park assassinations. "The world said, 'These deeds are done in the name of the cause Mr. Parnell espouses.' . . . His followers said, 'These villains will set back the good work for a century; let our leader repudiate them.' Their leader thought otherwise. Speaking at Milton Malbay, he refused to notice the explosions. He said nothing about the indignant comments of the Press; nothing about the anger felt by America; nothing about the relations of dynamitards and the Home Rulers. He treated the subject as one worthy only of his contempt." The *Herald* then comments strongly upon his apathy, and continues, "Nobody suspects his party of complicity in the outrages; but everybody believes that he alone can prevent their recurrence, if he would rise in the name of the Irish people and blast the assassins with the fire of his wrath. . . Extraordinary events demand extraordinary efforts. Mr. Parnell stands face to face with the greatest opportunity of his life. If he allows it to pass neglected he is no longer fit to rule."

To turn once more to Europe and the East, there are plenty of rumours with regard to the negotiations between France and England for the financial settlement of Egypt. It is generally thought that England, while rejecting the proposal for an International Commission, agrees to the suggested loan of 9,000,000*l.* with an international guarantee, to the taxation of the coupons, and to the resumption of the negotiations for the navigation of the Suez Canal. The chief news of the week, however, relates to ITALY, whose squadron in the Red Sea has now taken formal possession of Beilul, where the Assab expedition will probably be disembarked. The tendency of the Italian Government towards colonial expansion, also, was acknowledged by Signor Mancini, who called to mind the Mediæval Italian Republics and their commercial policy and success, and declared that "Italy being one of the great maritime Powers must look for her future in the development of her commerce and the expansion of her colonies. Emigration was steadily increasing, and, as it could not be prevented, it would be better to direct it to hospitable points where Italian interests could be protected by the national flag. No adventurous policy was to be attempted, but he could not, while negotiations with other countries were now pending, say anything regarding the places which the Government intended to occupy." After referring to the Assab expedition, he asserted that "the Government deserved credit for having succeeded in establishing more intimate relations between England and Italy for common action in the Red Sea." This admission strengthens the general opinion that the two nations have agreed upon some common plan of action with regard to Eastern Africa.

In GERMANY the West African Conference has practically adopted Sir Edward Malet's amendment to the German proposition, that "occupied" and "annexed" territories should be treated on the same basis, and "occupation" and "annexation" will no longer be regarded as synonymous terms. Meanwhile France and the International Association are stated to have come to an agreement by which France cedes Stanley Pool to the Association; which renounces all claim to the basin of Niari Kwilu territory. Portugal and the Association, however, have not come to terms; but that country and France are stated to have agreed to divide the immediate territory north and south of the Congo mouth between them. Prince Bismarck, however, is said not to be wholly enamoured of so apparently simple an agreement, and, moreover, has had a further dig at England this week by means of a *communiqué* in the *North German Gazette*, which contradicts the general impression that the Conference had recognised the British claims to the Niger Delta. These claims, however, were never brought before the Conference, as they are considered too well established to need recognition, and all England did was to produce a paper defining the limits of her protectorate in the Lower Niger region, which, indeed, was never called into question. The much-talked-of Mission to Zanzibar has arrived there, but turns out to be only for the purpose of installing the well-known African traveller, Gerhard Rohlfs, as Consul-General for all Eastern Africa. A vote of 7,500*l.* for explorations in Central Africa has been passed by the Reichstag.

FRANCE has been holding her triennial elections of one-third of the Senate, eighty-seven seats being contested. The result has

shown a marked success for the Republicans, who have gained twenty-two seats. The Bonapartists have been singularly unfortunate, even Corsica going over to the enemy. The Monarchists have been somewhat more successful, for while such prominent members of the party as the Duc de Broglie, M. Fourtou, and M. Brunet have been thrown out, they have wrested three seats from the Republicans in the Northern Departments. The Republicans now will have an overwhelming majority in the Upper House, as they number 233, to 67 Bonapartists, Loyalists, and Clericals; but the satisfaction of the Moderates has been somewhat modified by the triumph of the Radical candidate for Paris, M. Gatineau, over the Ministerialist, M. Spuller. The dynamite explosion apart, the only other topics of interest have been a reverse of the French troops before Kelung, a detachment of African light infantry having been repulsed in an attack on some fortified works, and the enforcement of the Foreign Enlistment Act by the British Government in Chinese waters. The French papers are very indignant at this, but blame the French Government for not openly proclaiming a Declaration of War. It is absurd to say that a state of war does not exist when there will be shortly an army of 40,000 men in active opposition against the Chinese. On Tuesday the French ironclad *Triomphante* was refused permission to refit at Hong Kong, but was allowed to take in the coal and supplies necessary to enable her to proceed to the nearest French port—Saigon.

In SOUTH AFRICA the troops are moving forward to Bechuanaland, and the Boers are becoming proportionately civil and peaceable. Indeed, the correspondent to the *Times* telegraphs from Durban on Tuesday that President Krüger's speech to the Burgers near Rooi Grond on the 15th inst. was distinctly pacific in tone. He vehemently condemned freebooting, and warned all such robbers that he would arrest them and send them over the border to Sir Charles Warren. Evil doers who persisted in stealing, rioting, and defying the law would meet him on one side and Sir C. Warren on the other. After other admonitions intended to preserve the peace, he said, "Let there be no more heard the cry of 'Shoot the Englishman!' or 'Verdomde Englishman!' Such a cry is treasonable, wicked, and foolish." The Goshenites present declared that their desire had always been for peace.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, an extradition treaty has been concluded between Russia and Prussia for would-be assassins or persons charged with manufacturing or storing explosives in contravention either of Russian or Prussian laws.—In SPAIN the King has returned to Madrid, where he received an enthusiastic welcome on his arrival.—In BELGIUM as throughout the European continent, weather is most severe, and all sailing navigation of the Scheldt is suspended.—From INDIA the chief news is that large quantities of rock oil are stated to exist in Beluchistan, where a Canadian expert has bored experimentally with signal success.



The Queen last week received a visit from the ex-Empress Eugénie. On Saturday night Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg and the Bishop of Ripon joined the Royal party at dinner, and next morning Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated. In the evening the Queen gave a dinner-party, the guests including Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lady Abercromby, Mme. d'Arcos, the Duc de Bassano, the Bishop of Ripon, and Captain Bigge, while several other visitors joined the Royal circle in the Drawing Room after dinner. The ex-Empress Eugénie left next morning for Farnborough, Princess Beatrice seeing her on board the *Alberta*, while later in the day Lord Sydney and Sir W. Harcourt arrived and dined with the Queen and Princess. Her Majesty held a council on Friday attended by Lords Carlingford, Cairns, and Sidney, Sir W. Harcourt and Sir H. Ponsonby, when the Queen formally announced her consent to a marriage between Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Subsequently the Queen gave audiences to Lord Carlingford and Sir W. Harcourt, and received the Turkish Ambassador and Hassan Fehmi Pasha—Special Turkish Envoy—the Peruvian Minister, who presented his letters of recall; and Sir R. Morier and Mr. E. Corbett, who kissed hands on their respective appointments as Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Minister at Stockholm.—Princess Beatrice's fiancé, Prince Henry of Battenberg, is shortly expected in England on a visit. He has resigned his commission in the Prussian army in readiness for settling in England.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Sandringham. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore officiated, and next day Prince George left for Greenwich to resume his studies at the College. Later the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended the funeral of Mrs. Stewart, who had been in their service ever since their marriage, and had been housekeeper at Sandringham for the last fourteen years. In the afternoon the Prince went to King's Lynn to a meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Norfolk, and afterwards dined with Lord Suffolk, the Provincial Grand Master, and the Brethren.—Prince Albert Victor has written an autograph letter to the Treasurer of the Middle Temple, accepting the offer to become a Benchers; but he will probably not be installed before Trinity term, while the Prince of Wales proposes to dine with the Benchers when his son eats his first dinner in Hall. The Prince of Wales was also made a Benchers on coming of age.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are still at Eastwell, where Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Prince Leiningen, and other visitors have been staying at the Park.—The Duchess of Albany will probably accompany the Queen as far as Cologne when Her Majesty goes to Germany in March, and thence proceed to Arolsen to visit her parents. Princess Frederica of Hanover is now staying with the Duchess at Claremont.



AT AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING held in the Chapter House, St. Paul's, the Dean of St. Paul's in the chair, it was agreed to raise a memorial to the Bishop of London in the form of a recumbent effigy in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. A committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The estimated cost of the monument is not more than 1,000*l.* Mr. W. H. Smith was asked to act as Honorary Treasurer.

AT THE CEREMONY of opening artisans' and labourers' dwellings, erected by the Commissioners of Sewers in Petticoat Lane, prayers were offered first by the Rev. Mr. Robertson and then by the Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Adler, for the success of the enterprise. The tenements which were cleared away six or seven years since on the area where

they are now at last replaced by wholesome dwellings, were largely occupied by the Jewish poor.

THE ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION has lost a munificent benefactor by the death, in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Robert Barbour, a native of Renfrewshire, who, before retiring twenty years since to his estate in Cheshire, ranked among the merchant princes of Manchester. He is said to have been the only survivor of the first Synod of the English Presbyterian Church, which assembled nearly half a century ago. Among his many benefactions to English Presbyterianism was his endowment, at a cost of 12,000*l.*, of a professorship which bears his name in the Presbyterian College.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU, the well-known Unitarian preacher and thinker, being on the verge of eighty, wishes to resign the principalship of the Manchester New College, which has since 1852 been "located" in University Hall, Gordon Square, and with which he has been connected for forty-five years. The trustees are desirous that he should retain the Honorary Headship of the College.

THE FEELINGS of the Roman Catholic community have been relieved by an intimation from the Marquis of Bute, given in a letter to a friend, of the falsehood of the statement which recently went the round of the press, that he had become a subscriber to the funds of the Wycliffe Society, established for the publication of the Reformer's unprinted works.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of the Committee of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, the Secretary made the significant statement that, by a small majority, the Trustees of the British Museum had recently decided on submitting to the Treasury the question of opening that institution to the public on Sundays. The Committee accordingly resolved to send a memorial to Mr. Gladstone containing statistics showing, among other things, that the feeling of the working classes is against the Sunday opening of national institutions, and, as a preferable alternative, in favour of opening them on week day evenings.



BERLIOZ'S "THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST."—Berlioz's sacred trilogy, which converted Heinrich Heine from his previously expressed opinion that the music of his friend had little melody and no simplicity, was performed for the second time in the metropolis last Friday by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The trilogy was first produced in England by Mr. Charles Hallé at Manchester in December, 1880; and two months afterwards it was given at St. James's Hall, where, owing to a faulty performance, it fell flat and has since passed out of notice. Nevertheless it is a beautiful work, widely different in manner and style from the fantasticism of *Faust* and the *Episod* on the one hand, and the romanticism of *Romeo and Juliet* on the other. Berlioz himself declared that he considered the subject ingenuous and simple, and he thus proposed to treat it; while Heine, more enthusiastic, described *The Childhood of Christ* as a "sheaf of the sweetest melodic flowers," and a "master-work of simplicity and beauty." Berlioz was his own poet; but the feeble English version by the late H. F. Chorley gives but a poor idea of the original. The first part, "Herod's Dream," was written last of the three. It opens without prelude, with a narration of the birth of the Child Saviour, followed by a night march, a duet between two Roman guards, and the narrative of the Tetrarch's dream. The air, in G minor, is, Berlioz says, "on a scale determined under I know not what Greek name in plain chant." Some fantastic incantation music precedes Herod's determination to slay all the male children. We are next introduced to the stable at Bethlehem, where Joseph and Mary warble a beautiful duet over the sleeping Child. They are interrupted by the chorus of "unseen angels," who after warning the parents to flee with the young child into Egypt, wing their way heavenwards. The effect of the departing angels was admirably carried out in accordance with the instructions of Berlioz. The twenty lady professional vocalists were placed in the artists' room, and they gradually turned their backs and closed the door as the sounds died away. The opening of the second part is the famous "Adieu des Bergers," with which Berlioz hoaxed the Parisian critics of thirty years ago. He declared he had found it in a bricked-up cupboard of the Holy Chapel, and that it was the composition of one Pierre Ducre, who flourished 173 years before. The critics, who often wildly assailed Berlioz, eulogised this supposed morsel of antiquity, and were not best pleased when the laugh was turned against them. The beautiful scene of the Virgin holding her babe to her breast, and reposing in the Egyptian desert, is again broken by the "Hallelujah" of the unseen angels. Arrived at Sais, the wearied travellers are accorded scant hospitality. The Roman guard repulse them from the walls. But the father of an Ishmaelish family has compassion on them, and provides the mother and her Holy Babe with food and shelter, while Joseph seeks work as a carpenter. As the tired wayfarers recline, a serenade, one of the most delicious and the simplest of Berlioz's imageries, lulls them to rest. This lovely piece is practically a duet for two flutes, with harp accompaniment, no other instrument being employed. A passing reference to the work of salvation ultimately to be accomplished by the Saviour, and a final "Amen," which Berlioz declares made his hearers at Strasburg weep, conclude the trilogy. The rest of the programme comprised Bach's short cantata, *God's Time is the Best Time*, and Götz's *By the Waters of Babylon*. The chief artists were Misses Carlotta Elliott and M'Kenzie, Messrs. Lloyd, Hilton, Stanley Smith, and Santley.

OPERATIC NEWS.—The Carl Rosa company will conclude their Christmas season in Liverpool this week. Last Saturday some of the members of the troupe were visitors at the Liverpool Press Club dinner. On the menu were Shakespearian quotations: "that to Mr. Snazelle running, 'He sings several times faster than you'll tell money, he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes';" while that to Mr. Ben Davies ran, "He hath songs for men and women of all sizes, he has the prettiest love songs for maids."—M. Massenet, composer of *Marion*, has telegraphed to Madame Marie Rore, "J'apprends votre triomphe dans mon ouvrage. Je suis touché et vivement reconnaissant."—In regard to Italian operatic affairs, matters remain *in statu quo*. But Madame Albani has definitely resolved to spend the summer season in England.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson is said to be a possible candidate for the direction of the Royal Italian Opera, although, as he told a Philadelphia interviewer, "It will depend entirely upon the terms and conditions." This will be news to Mr. Augustus Harris, who fully expects a Maplesonian Italian opera season at Drury Lane in the summer.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Essipoff made her last appearance at the Popular Concerts on Saturday, when she played again from the memory the Sonata A passionata. Despite, however, the undeniable popularity and talent of this accomplished lady, her novel and sensational readings of so familiar a work by no means pleased Beethoven students of orthodox views.—On Monday Mr. Hallé took part in Dvorák's piano trio in F minor, and played Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3. The Saturday concerts continue to be more interesting than those given on Monday. Next Saturday, in honour of Schubert's birthday, there will be offered a Schubert

programme, including the ever popular Quartet in C.—In commemoration of Burns's birthday, concerts were given, on Saturday at St. James's Hall with the co-operation of the Glasgow Select Choir, and of Madame Patey, Messrs. Sims Reeves, and Santley, and on Monday at the Albert Hall with several eminent artists.—An American concert given last week brought forward several American artists, among whom Miss Griswold and Mrs. Thayer pleased best. The American music performed could, however, have afforded anything but a fair idea of the ability of Transatlantic composers.—The students of the Normal College for the Blind, at their Christmas Tree Festival on Saturday, performed Haydn's Toy Symphony and other works.—Besides the Wednesday Ballad Concert, concerts have also been given by Mlle. Gemma Luziani, a clever pianist from the Paris Conservatoire, by Mlle. Madeleine Friedel, a pianist and a *débutante*, by Mr. Isidor de Lara, the song composer, by Mr. Sinclair Dunn, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will take part in a concert to be given at Reading for the benefit of a charity.—It is stated that a new opera, *Antony and Cleopatra*, by Prince Hohenlohe (who writes under the name of "Count Wittgenstein"), will shortly be produced at Vienna.—Mr. Joseph Bennett sailed from New York for England last Saturday, quite restored to health.—The death is announced, aged sixty-three, of M. Félix Clément, author of that useful publication, "The Dictionnaire Lyrique." Shortly before his death he passed through the press a lengthy "History of Music," which will be published in a few weeks.—The Duke of Edinburgh is expected to play the first violin in the band at the first of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's Concerts at the Albert Hall to-night.—The marriage is announced of Mr. Max Liebig to Miss Marion Boulden of Margate.—The third and concluding volume of the English translation of Spitta's great "Life of Bach" will be published next month. This volume will contain an elaborate index, which, in a work extending over upwards of 2,000 pages, is quite indispensable.—One of the musical directories just published contains the names and addresses of upwards of 4,500 persons and firms who earn their living as professors of music or singing, or in the piano or music trade in London, besides upwards of 5,500 similarly employed in the country. Although doubtless the names of some individuals, not legitimately professors of music, are included in the list, the sum total of upwards of 10,000 (excluding school teachers and governesses, journeymen artisans, clerks, &c.), will appear startling to those who still believe England is not a musical country.



THE TURF.—The spell of frost, short as it was, interfered with proceedings last week both on the "cross country" courses and on the training grounds. There is a rumour about that some American horses will distinguish themselves among us this coming season. Two of them, Eole and St. Saviour, the property of Mr. Gebhard, now in training at Danebury, are entered for the Epsom and Ascot Cups. Both were bred by Mr. J. R. Hancock, of Elderslie, Virginia, and it is a singular coincidence that Eole, Eolist, and St. Saviour, all full brothers, should have been foaled on the 15th of April, about the same time in the morning, and within a few feet of the same spot. Paradox, who is said to be wintering well, continues, at shortening prices, at the head of the quotations both for the Two Thousand and Derby. For the latter Goldsmith has advanced a little, and among other outsiders, Golden Ray and Thuringian King have been introduced into the market, to the satisfaction of the bookmakers, who seem likely to "get round" well on the Epsom race this year. There is a rumour to the effect that steeplechases will be got up at Newmarket, under the auspices of the Jockey Club. Lord Suffolk, who is one of the Stewards of the Club, is also a member of the Grand National Hunt Committee, and there can be no doubt that the two bodies are drawing much closer together than was formerly the case. If this is done, we may safely anticipate that there will be two or three meetings at Newmarket, where the Jockey Club have a large estate on which a splendid natural course could be made.

COURSING.—The frost, which interfered with racing and hunting, was still more detrimental to coursing, and, to the great disappointment of thousands of the lovers of the leash, the Kempton Champion Meeting of last week, with its big prize, had to be given up. Sport, however, has been resumed at the Kidway Meeting (Lytham), Southminster, and elsewhere. The Waterloo Cup contest will be decided in another month. To all appearance it is a very open affair.

LACROSSE.—The Notts Lacrosse Club has paid its first visit to the metropolis, when it met the redoubtable London team at Blackheath. This visit is of some importance, because, though the Notts Club is of comparatively recent formation, its members are displaying such energy, and are already playing such a good game, that it cannot be long ere they occupy a very prominent place in the Lacrosse world. In the match under notice London were victorious by four goals to one, which is not such a very decisive win when the successful career of the home team are taken into consideration.

AQUATICS.—Both the Dark and Light Blue oarsmen have been very busy lately in connection with the Putney race. At Cambridge the crew seems nearly settled, and, had it not been for the recent frost, would have been practising some days ago on the Elv course. Pitman (Third Trinity) continues at the stroke oar, and no change at the thwart is to be expected, as he seems to go on improving. At Oxford, Girdlestone (Magdalen) is now stroke again, and has for some days past given great satisfaction.

SKATING.—The sudden breaking-up of the frost has caused great disappointment among English skaters, but they managed to get several good days in our Fen district.—At the International Skating Contest held at Leeuwarden, Holland, on Wednesday, the Mile Race was decided. Owing to the softness of the ice the times were not good. "Fish" Smart, the British champion, was beaten in the first round by B. Kingma, and the result of the race was to uphold the supremacy of the Dutch as speed-skaters.—Up Northwards the innocent pastime seems annually to engender religious disputation: and just recently, at the Arbroath Free Presbytery, the Rev. Mr. Lilley drew attention to what he termed the scandalous conduct of the Arbroath population in skating on public ponds on the two previous Sabbaths in December. The debate resulted in the Presbytery resolving to discuss the whole question of Sabbath Observance at the next meeting.

FOOTBALL.—Despite the hard state of the ground, the matches in the fourth round of the Association Challenge Cup have been played. The Old Etonians very easily disposed of Middlesbrough, but another game, in which a Southern team were engaged, Swifts v. Notts Forest, was very hardly fought out. The Nottingham side won by scoring the only goal kicked, and their victory was a sore disappointment to the losers, who have been in excellent form.—Chatham beat Lower Darwen by a like narrow balance of one goal to nil; and, curiously enough, the same score resulted from the meeting of West Bromwich with the Druids.—Notts County had not much trouble in lowering the colours of the Walsall Swifts, so that the Midland men are to be doubly represented in the following

round. Last year the distinction was earned by Blackburn, who now have only one team, the formidable Rovers, who hold the Cup.—Referring again for a moment to the recent important meeting of the Football Association, it should be noted that though the required majority to legalise "professionalism" was not obtained, the majority of the affiliated clubs were in favour of the proposition. Out of 221 delegates present, 113 voted for the proposition and 108 against it. A majority of two-thirds is required to make an alteration in the law, so that the proposition was lost; but the voting proved conclusively that this legalisation must come. It does not show, as some people would argue, that a majority think that it is a good thing to permit "professionalism" to become an institution, but that the best means to keep control over what flourishes in one way or another, despite all efforts to repress it, is to acknowledge its existence.

ANGLING.—Among the many new clubs of a general or special character which are almost weekly coming into existence, that entitled the "Fly Fishers' Club" has secured marked recognition. It was only started a few weeks ago, and now numbers nearly one hundred "select" members, all *bona fide* lovers and followers of the gentle craft. The constitution is purely social, no "shows" of fish or prize competitions forming part of its programme. The *habitat* of the club is at 10, Adelphi Terrace, the old headquarters of the "Savages," where a library of fishing literature and a collection of "engines" connected with fly-fishing will be gradually formed. The club rooms will also be a rendezvous where information connected with fishing quarters, &c., will be obtainable.

FRENCH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART

THE smaller of the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street is now occupied by an interesting collection of line engravings from pictures by several of the most able French painters of the last century. As they are arranged in chronological order we first come on a series of plates from Watteau, who very early in the century was an accomplished master of his art. Although they give only an inadequate idea of his wide range of power, they admirably illustrate some of the most characteristic and best qualities of his art—his masterly draughtsmanship, his command of expressive gesture, and fine feeling for beauty of form and grace of movement. Watteau was singularly fortunate in his interpreters. "Les Fêtes Venitiennes" is rendered by Laurent Cars, and the more beautiful composition, "L'Assemblée Galante," by Le Bas, with rare appreciative skill: both are executed with great firmness, and at the same time with a freedom and expressiveness of line nearly akin to the painter's own work. The most able of Watteau's followers, Lancret, is represented by characteristic portraits of two famous dancers of his time, "Mlle. Camargo" and "Mlle. Sallé," and by two animated and well-composed groups of children at play, both engraved in a firm incisive style by De Larmessin. Passing some dainty designs by Pater and a few examples of Boucher's unrestrained and meretricious style, we meet with a group of pictures by Chardin, who depicted the more serious aspects of French domestic life with more convincing fidelity and more art than any other painter. His works lose much by being translated into black and white, for he was a very fine colourist and a masterly executant. "La Gouvernante," engraved by Lépicié, and "La Bonne Education," by Le Bas, serve, however, to show his keen sense of character and skill in dealing with effects of light. The grave simplicity of this artist's work contrasts strongly with the affectation and trivial prettiness of Greuze. Of the four examples of this popular painter, a capital reproduction of the celebrated "La Cruche Cassée," by Massard, is the best.

A good deal of interesting matter may be found in the works of some comparatively unknown artists of later date. "Les Citrons de Javotte," by Jeauret, showing a comely girl offering lemons to a party of oyster eaters, though inaccurately designed in parts, is well composed and full of vivacity. That Lavreince was an apt illustrator of the artificial manners of his time is seen in many examples, of which "L'Assemblée au Concert" seems to be the best. Moreau's works are chiefly remarkable for fulness of detail and finished workmanship; but "C'est un Fils, Monsieur," delicately engraved, by Baquoy, shows that he could sometimes infuse a great deal of vitality into his figures. The title of the picture is the triumphant announcement of a *sage femme*, who, with a newly-born infant in her arms, and some excited handmaids behind her, is hurriedly entering the library of a studious gentleman. Of several curious examples of colour-printing in the collection, the most remarkable is a small portrait of Marie Antoinette, attributed to J. F. Gautier-Dagoty, which, without close examination, cannot be distinguished from a highly-finished pastel drawing. The collected works of Mr. J. D. Linton still remain on view in the adjoining gallery.



ON WEDNESDAY the Court of Appeal confirmed the decision of the Queen's Bench Division, which, refusing Mr. Bradlaugh a new trial, and affirming that a person without a religious belief cannot take an oath, made him liable in heavy penalties for having sat and voted in the House of Commons without taking the prescribed oath. The Court of Appeal granted, however, his application for a stay of execution that he might appeal to the House of Lords.

THAT VERSATILE GENTLEMAN, Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., has been figuring at the Bodmin Assizes this week as "trading as the Great Western China Clay Company," and sued by the South Cornwall Bank for 1,600*l.* alleged to be due to them by him. Before the case was well entered into his solicitors consented to a verdict for the amount claimed, with interest. It is to be hoped that the "China Clay" in which the proprietor of *Truth* was represented as dealing was not that which is sometimes used to adulterate cotton piece goods exported from Lancashire to the Celestial Empire.

INSPECTOR SIMMONS died on Saturday of the wounds received when following one of the supposed burglars on the high road between Romford and Rainham on the 20th inst. No arrests have been made, and the coroner's jury which sat upon the body returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person unknown." Subsequently the foreman of the jury expressed their opinion that commendation was due to Constable Marden, who was one of the witnesses at the inquest. After Inspector Simmons was shot he pursued the three men until he lost them in the dark, and was twice fired at by them. On the first occasion, turning to get out of the way, he luckily fell to the ground, and felt the bullet pass over the right side of his face.

A PAWNBROKER'S ASSISTANT of the name of Leach has been committed for trial on a charge of robbery and attempted murder in his master's shop at Lower Clapton. Suspecting that the prisoner had robbed him, his master summoned a constable, and as the two were standing with their backs to him he fired from a revolver a bullet which passed close to his master's head. The second shot was prevented from taking effect by one of the assistants rushing forward, and jerking up the prisoner's arm as he fired. At the final examination before the magistrate a letter, which he had addressed to his father, was read gravely compromising the prisoner.

taste for foreign travel. In 1868 he left England for a long Continental tour, visiting Bayonne, Bordeaux, the Pyrenees, and Pau. Wherever he went adventures attended his steps. Now he was helping the soldiers of some little French town to extinguish a fire; then riding across country on a curious horse ("Qui saut comme un chamois; qui marche comme un locomotif") after half-tame foxes scented with aniseed; or, again, armed with a bedpost, he would be aiding a young Frenchman to beat back in Tangiers the attack of some Moorish soldiers eager to arrest some dancing girls who had been secretly showing the Giaours the real Moorish dance (not the Hebrew jig which is usually palmed off upon the ignorant tourist). From Biarritz Burnaby crossed into Spain, visiting San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar, and crossing to Tangiers, whence he returned to England. He eventually became a proficient linguist, being able to speak no less than seven languages (including Arabic, Russ, and Turkish) with fluency. In 1870 Captain Burnaby was in Russia, and on his way home he passed through Paris, then in the hands of the Commune. The year 1873 saw him again in Spain, where the Carlist war was raging. From Madrid he made his way to Vittoria, and thence to the Carlist lines. These he easily penetrated, and passed on to San Sebastian and thence to Irun. Next year the Colonel again visited Spain, this time as the correspondent of the *Times* on the Carlist side. His letters show considerable literary facility, and some of his descriptions excellent specimens of the best kind of rapid writing. His next journey was a much more formidable undertaking. It was nothing less than an excursion to Central Africa to join General Gordon, then employed under Ismail Pasha in suppressing the slave trade in the Soudan. From Suez Burnaby sailed down the Red Sea to Suakim, whence with a caravan party he journeyed on camels across the desert to Berber. From Berber he addressed his second letter to the *Times*, dated January 13th, 1875, describing his desert journey, and dwelling upon the dreadful horrors of the slave trade which Gordon was then endeavouring with such extraordinary exertions to suppress. From Berber Captain Burnaby sailed up the Nile to Khartoum, whence he pushed on by boat far up the White Nile. His third and last letter to the *Times*, dated from Soubat, Central Africa, February 5th, 1875, gives some interesting details of the work then being carried on by General Gordon.

THE RIDE TO KHIVA

WHILE at Khartoum Burnaby made a resolution to ride alone to Khiva. It was like the man to make so wild a resolve, and it was like him too to carry it out with such unflinching courage and such readiness of resource. Not long before Colonel C. M. MacGregor had been foiled by the British Government in his attempt to penetrate to Merv. Fifteen months after MacGregor had returned from his eight months' ride Burnaby set out on his adventurous journey. He proposed to ride through Khiva to Merv, to see what the Russians were about in Central Asia. It was a difficult and dangerous journey; but accidental circumstances have perhaps given an undue prominence to the undertaking. With MacGahan to coach him as to the route, with the assistance of Mr. Schuyler at St. Petersburg, with a ready knowledge of Russ, with the certainty that there was a Russian garrison at Khiva, and with plenty of money and an unrivalled physique, Captain Burnaby started

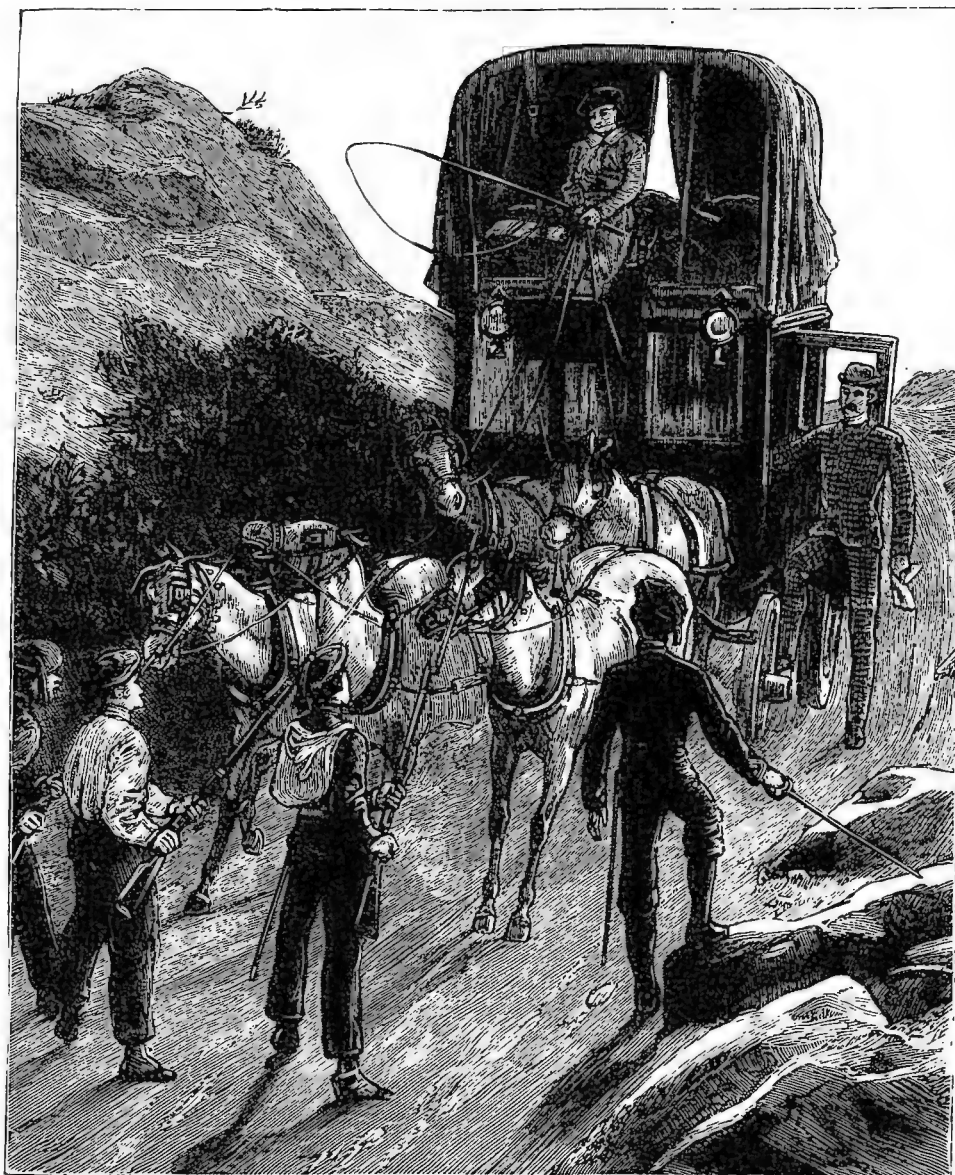
with unusual advantages. His feat is in no way to be compared to the much more dangerous and adventurous journeys of Vambéry and MacGahan, nor has "The Ride to Khiva" the same interest or worth as Vambéry's "Travels," MacGahan's "Campaigning on the Oxus," MacGregor's "Khorassan," or O'Donovan's "Merv Oasis." Much of his journey was over ground travelled almost daily by Russian merchants; and the pith of the enterprise was the ride of three hundred miles over the desert in the depth of winter, from

at Kazala the traveller was welcomed politely by the Russian Commandant, Colonel Goloff. Fearing, however, a design on the part of Goloff to send him a prisoner to the Fortress of Petro-Alexandrovsk, Captain Burnaby declined Colonel Goloff's proffered escort, and set out, with only his servant and guide, on the ride of 370 miles to Khiva. A visit to Khiva in 1875 was a very different thing to a visit to the Khan's capital twelve years before, when Vambéry, disguised in his Dervish rags, was the first European who had penetrated to the mysterious capital of the Khivans. Much had happened in the mean time. Said Mahomed, in whose austere presence poor Vambéry had trembled with such good reason, had humbled himself to General Kaufmann; and when Captain Burnaby visited the Khan he incurred no more risk, says Mr. Charles Marvin, than an English tourist visiting the capital of any Indian feudatory prince. Burnaby accomplished his ride in thirteen days, nor did he suffer any extreme hardship. Once, indeed, he ran much danger of frost-bite, having by inadvertence left off his fur gloves. Falling asleep in his sledge, he woke to find his fingers a lurid blue, while his wrists and the extremities of his arms were like those of a dead man. Vigorous rubbing, however, restored the circulation. By the Khan of Khiva the English Captain was received with consideration, and "I must say," wrote Captain Burnaby, "that after all that has been written in Russian newspapers about the cruelties and other iniquities perpetrated by this Khivan potentate [Vambéry had seen the eyes of Tchador Turcomans gouged out by order of this same Khan], to find the original such a cheery sort of fellow." At Khiva the English officer stopped some days; and then, instead of pushing on to Merv according to his original intention, he decided to turn off to Bokhara. But before he had time to leave, an imperative message came from the Russian Governor Ivanoff requiring his presence at Petro-Alexandrovsk. On arriving at the fortress (two days' journey from Khiva) Burnaby found a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, ordering his immediate return. The Beaconsfield Cabinet had yielded to the diplomatic pressure of the Court of St. Petersburg, and had recalled the zealous traveller, who was prying too closely, the Russians feared, into their Central Asian transactions. Burnaby returned by almost exactly the same route by which he went. The publication of his book soon after his return at once raised him to the rank of a notoriety.

Enough has been said above to indicate Burnaby's true position as a Central Asian pioneer. He does not stand in the front rank of such; but his journey was a fine example of the private enterprise of an officer determined to undertake a useful duty for the good of his country.

THE RIDE ACROSS ASIA MINOR

IN the autumn of 1876 all eyes were anxiously turned towards the East. The Bulgarian atrocities had been committed, and had given Mr. Gladstone the text for his fiery pamphlet. Lord Beaconsfield had characterised the rumours from Bulgaria as coffee-house babble. Journeying on the Danube, Canon Liddon and Canon MacColl had seen a Bulgarian impaled upon a pike. Other witnesses came forward, who alleged that the impaled being seen by the Canons was a stack of beans. Public opinion ran high. There were many who declared that the Turks ought to be driven out of Europe. A strong Russian party



STOPPED AT THE CARLIST OUTPOSTS, 1874

Kazala to Khiva. Advertising skill and the fact that his book was published at a moment when the public were eager to obtain information about the doings of Russia in Central Asia are the two chief reasons which led to the extraordinary success of Captain Burnaby's book. It is a book, too, written in just the vein to tickle the taste of the circulating-library public—light, easy, and good-natured, with bits of personal description and some good descriptions of natural scenery. Leaving Charing Cross with eighty-five pounds of baggage on the 30th of November, 1875, Captain Burnaby quickly made his way to St. Petersburg and thence to Orenburg. From Orenburg to Kazala was a rush of 664 miles across the snow-covered desert; and

Col. Burnaby



AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF TER, FEB. 4, 1884

THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY

was formed in England; and it was evident that before long war would break out between Russia and Turkey. Such was the state of affairs when Burnaby, fresh from his Khivan exploit, determined to cap it by another ride. "Were the Turks such awful scoundrels?" said the guardsman to himself. He determined to ascertain himself leaving London with his faithful servant, Radford, and with only five months' leave in which to explore Asia Minor. In this brief time he rode over 2,000 miles of country, much of it barren wilderness. The journey gave him ample material for a second book, "On Horseback Through Asia Minor." It was distinguished by the same qualities of fluency, happy good nature, and high spirits as "The Ride to Khiva;" but it proved less of a public success. The exploit was less striking; the route better known. From Scutari Burnaby travelled almost due east past Angora and Sivas to Erzeroum. From Erzeroum he made a southerly detour to Lake Van, and continued as far east as Khoi, near the northern shores of Lake Urumia. Thence he struck northwards, reaching Kars, and finally embarking at Batoum for his return journey. He returned with a good opinion of the Turks, and with a much increased dislike for the Russians and their mode of government. This journey was saddened by the death at Dover of the faithful Radford, who had followed his master with uncomplaining fidelity through all his adventures. The faithful servant had contracted typhus fever at Constantinople. The fever developed itself at Vienna, he arrived at Dover unconscious, and died at the end of the second day on shore. Radford was buried at Dover, and his master put this record on his tomb: "He was a brave soldier, a faithful servant, and as true as steel."

LATER LIFE

THE next year (1877) found Burnaby again in the East. Russia had declared war against Turkey, and Captain Burnaby went out to join the Turkish forces as agent to the Stafford House Committee. But though his position was purely that of a civilian he could not bear to be out of the fighting. Accordingly he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at several engagements. He endured all hardship cheerfully, and defied all dangers with impunity. With his strong views on the Eastern Question it is not surprising that Burnaby should have endeavoured to obtain a hearing for them in the House of Commons. Accordingly, in June, 1878, he was accepted as the Conservative candidate

for Birmingham; and it is characteristic of the man that he should have selected the very hot-bed of Radicalism as the place wherein to expound strong Conservative opinions. From the beginning the Captain's candidature was hopeless. He made a series of rattling political speeches, and attended a series of noisy meetings. But he had no chance against the Midland triumvirate, Messrs.

Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart., of Killoncarrick, Wicklow. Mrs. Burnaby shares much of the strength of mind and love of adventure which always distinguished her gallant husband. Though she cannot be credited with discovering the good effects of cold dry Alpine air in cases of chest-complaint, she has at least the distinction of being the pioneer of Alpine climbing in winter.

In the summer of 1881 Mrs. Burnaby arrived at Chamounix for the first time. She was in bad health, and the doctors feared consumption. She had tried in vain all the usual winter health resorts—Algiers, Hyères, Mentone, Meran. From none did she gain more than temporary benefit. But the pure mountain air of Chamounix gave her new life. She left with health restored. But the depressing airs of the valleys had the usual result, and after spending a bad winter at Mentone, Mrs. Burnaby resolved to take the management of her health into her own hands, and to try a winter in Chamounix. The doctors and friends protested. But the result was excellent. Since then Mrs. Burnaby has spent most of her time in Switzerland. She has become one of the most expert lady climbers, and her pleasant book, "The High Alps in Winter," contains a climbing record which many Alpine clubmen will never equal. At Zermatt and Chamounix Mrs. Burnaby's slight figure is well known, and it is to Switzerland that the Queen has sent her sympathetic inquiries for the widow so suddenly bereaved. Of the last two or three years of Colonel Burnaby's life comparatively little need be said. It was his earnest wish to take part in the Egyptian campaigns, but only in the present Nile Expedition had he any official position. He was present with his old comrade, Baker Pasha, at the first battle of Teb, where the Egyptian forces were so disastrously defeated, and one of our sketches shows him riding tranquilly out of the *melé*. He was present, too, at the fiercely-contested second battle of Teb, where, with his double-barrelled shotgun in his hand, he was the first to clear the parapet of the Arab fortress. On this occasion Colonel Burnaby was severely wounded. During the present expedition

he held a post in the Intelligence Department, and the last news received of him was that he had safely taken a convoy of provisions across the desert from Korti to Gakdul. Only a few days previously Mr. John Cook, the well-known excursion agent, had parted from the Colonel at Dal; and at parting Burnaby had cried, waving his hand in farewell, "Remember that you must be here to take me back to England by the 1st of May." No full information of the manner of his death has yet been received; but the corre-

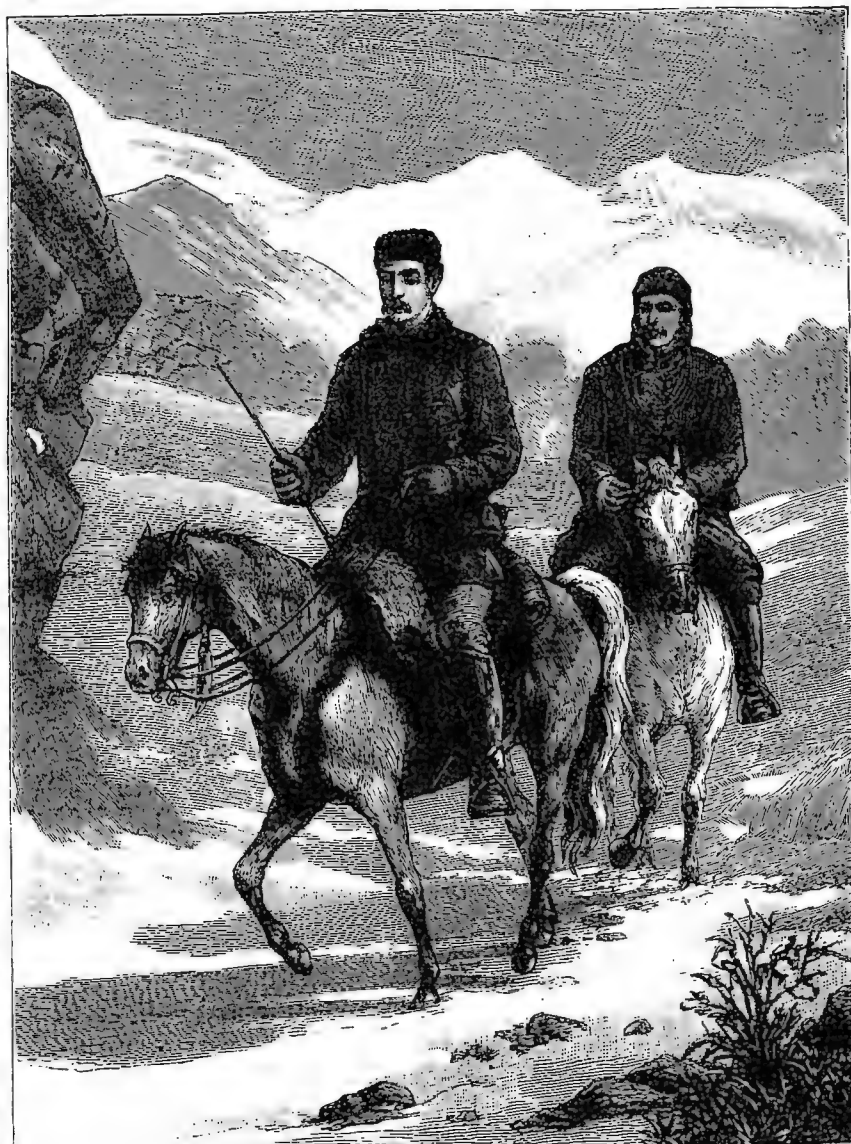


STARTING ON HIS BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL

Bright, Chamberlain, and Muntz. It speaks well, however, for the plucky fight that Burnaby made that, at the General Election in 1880, he obtained 15,716 votes. After his defeat he did not despair of Birmingham; and he recently visited the Midland capital in conjunction with Lord Randolph Churchill, the other Conservative candidate. In June, 1879, Major Burnaby married at St. Peter's Church, Onslow Gardens, Miss Elizabeth A. F. Hawkins-Whitshed, only child of the late Sir St. Vincent Bentinck



AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB, FEB. 29, 1884



ON THE RIDE TO KHIVA, 1875

spondent of the *Morning Post* telegraphed that his jugular vein was severed by an Arab spear in the thick of the fight at the Abu Klea Wells. His body was brought into the square by his own men of the Blues. It was a fit end for so gallant a man to die, bravely facing enormous odds. Burnaby's career was spent in seeking and facing danger and death. Adventure was the very breath of his nostrils. He leaves behind him troops of friends; and his place in the affection and esteem of the army and the public will long remain unfilled. Innumerable are the stories told at the clubs and filling the newspapers of Burnaby's prowess and kindness, his splendid physique and his excellent heart. The enormous dumb-bells (weighing a hundredweight and a half) which he wielded are shown at Aldershot; and at the London Fencing Club Room he held straight above his head a dumb-bell 120 lbs. in weight. At the Windsor Barracks, when some officers took two ponies up to Burnaby's room, and trotted them in at his door, the little creatures could not be induced to go down stairs again. So the Colonel took one pony under each arm, and carried them down as if they had been puppies. He was a first-rate shot, boxer, swordsman, rider, jumper, and runner; and his nerve and resource stood him in good stead in his many balloon excursions. Ballooning was a pastime of which he was passionately fond, and the most celebrated of his trips was that in which he successfully crossed the Channel, shortly after the fatal accident to the late Mr. Powell. Besides his two well-known works, to which reference has already been made, Colonel Burnaby was the author of "Practical Instructions of Staff Officers in Foreign Armies," and it is rumoured that he has left a novel in manuscript.—Our portrait of Colonel Burnaby is reproduced, by permission of the Editor, from "Men of Mark;" that of Mrs. Burnaby is reproduced, by permission of Messrs. S. Low and Co., from Mrs. Burnaby's book, "The High Alps in Winter." The other engravings are from sketches by our own artists. For some of the facts in the above biography we are indebted to "The Life of Colonel Burnaby," by R. K. Mann (F. V. White and Co.).

EARTHQUAKES

ALTHOUGH the earthquakes which have lately wrought so much havoc in Spain seem to have ceased for the moment, it is by no means certain that they have stopped altogether. Earthquakes, when once they begin on a large scale, are apt to go on for months, and even years. The earthquake of 1755, in which the greater part of Lisbon and 60,000 persons perished in the course of a few minutes, lasted, in effect, from the 1st of November to the 9th of December. It was one earthquake composed of a series of shocks, some terrible and destructive, others slight and almost imperceptible. The earthquake which began in Calabria in 1784 lasted more than three years, during the first of which no fewer than 959 distinct shakings were observed. Between whiles the earth vibrated almost continually. The earthquake that befell at Visp, in Switzerland, on July 25, 1855, was followed by an agitation of the soil which did not cease until the end of 1857.

"This too, too, solid earth," is never, never still, and during the present century the hidden forces which agitate its crust and modify its features have been portentously active and energetic. The Mississippi earthquake of 1811-12 metamorphosed the country. In some places the ground "went under;" lakes, one hundred miles in diameter, were formed, and the entire town of New Madrid sank several yards below its ancient level. In 1812 also took place the terrible earthquake of Caracas, in which nearly 20,000 people lost their lives, and the capital of Venezuela was well nigh ruined. The damages have not been wholly repaired even to this day, and outside the city may still be seen some of the rifts made by that tremendous upheaval. At the same time La Soufrière, a volcano of St. Vincent, which had long been considered extinct, burst into sudden activity, the discharges of its "red artillery" being accompanied by reports that "woke up the echoes" all along the shores of the Spanish Main, and were heard as far as the island of Trinidad. The reports were so loud and so like artillery that the Governor thought that an engagement was going on outside the Bocas between the English and French fleets. The distance from St. Vincent to Trinidad, as the crow flies, is about 150 miles.

It is a curious fact that, although Trinidad is within sight of Venezuela, and the northern part of the continent is almost perpetually shaken by earthquakes, no earthquake was ever known to take place in the island. This is doubtless in some measure attributable to a part of the island being of alluvial formation—built up of Orinoco mud. But as the north and east are rocky and mountainous, the phenomenon is only half explained. Another peculiarity of this region which still awaits a solution is the immunity from cyclones enjoyed by the island of Trinidad and the northern coast of Venezuela. In other parts of the West Indies these visitations, hardly less destructive than earthquakes, occur even more frequently.

Another notable cataclysm was the terrible Dutch earthquake of 1819, when a village, a fort, and an entire district on the banks of the Indus disappeared, and their places were taken by a great lake. In 1828 an earthquake, which had Chili for its centre, extended over a space of 6,000 square miles. In 1836 Borso, near Belluno, was devastated by an earthquake, which made itself felt north of the Alps. The same year earthquakes simultaneously occurred in the Riviera and in Syria. In 1840 several mountains near Salins, in the French Jura, were literally shaken in pieces. In 1855 and 1856 the Valley of the Upper Rhone suffered much from earthquakes. It is said that since that time the hot springs of Leuk have been ten degrees hotter than they were before. In 1865 one of the Maldive Islands disappeared for ever—in a crack of the earth! In 1867 a shock which violently agitated the Lago Maggiore, destroyed the village of Feriolo, on the Simplon Road. In 1868 occurred the great earthquake of Peru, probably the most extensive which ever came to pass, even in that unstable land. The alterations wrought in the physical conformation of the soil were stupendous, and several villages went under without leaving a ruin to mark their former position. Besides these we have had earthquakes in San Francisco, in Italy, in Asia Minor, in China, Java, Japan, England, and elsewhere, and minor, yet in many cases considerable shocks, without number. Take, for instance, the two last months of 1884. Between November 20th and 24th several shocks were observed in Italy and the High Alps Department of France. On November 27th a quake which shook Savoy and the whole of the Western Alps was felt at the same time at Turin, Nice, Marseilles, St. Etienne, Lyons, Locle, and in the Bernese Oberland. On December 19th a slight shock was noticed at Fleuriën, in Switzerland. Professor Forel, of Morges, an eminent Swiss seismologist, whose observations extend over many years, is of opinion that two shocks which occurred at Zernitz, in the Engadine, on December 25th, the one at 8 h. 17 m., the other at 11 h. p.m., were in close relation with the great Spanish earthquake, which began almost at the same moment. At any rate, the coincidence is remarkable, for 8 h. 17 m. Berne time corresponds with 7 h. 32 m. Madrid time, and according to a report from Grenada the first shock befell in the Peninsula at 7 h. 35 m.

The intensity of the Spanish earthquake has been great. According to the scale adopted by Italian and Swiss seismologists it will rank as one of the tenth, or highest, class, of which the characteristics are as follows: "Great disasters, ruined buildings, fracture of strata, cracks in the earth's crust, fall of mountains." The area of the quake has also been extensive, probably, as nearly the whole of the Peninsula was affected, some 370,000 square miles.

But compared with the area affected by the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 that is nothing extraordinary. The whole of Western Europe and part of the Atlantic were more or less involved in that portentous catastrophe, the area over which it stretched being reckoned at two and a half million miles.

Seismologists recognise two sorts of earthquakes, which they denominate respectively volcanic and orogenic. The first depends on the activity of volcanoes; they occur during or after eruptions, and are localised in districts where volcanoes still in action, or only recently quiescent, are found. The others are believed to be closely connected with the formation of mountains. As our earth rolls through space it loses heat; in cooling it contracts, its crust crumples and forms ridges, after the manner of a dried apple. The ridges are mountains, and the process is accompanied by the fractures, slips, dislocations, and collisions that make up the phenomena known to us as earthquakes. To the latter class belong the quakes which are so frequent in the Alps, for in those regions there is no sign of volcanic activity. To the same class, in the opinion of some Continental seismologists, must be assigned the earthquakes of Lisbon and Grenada. The Iberian Peninsula has no active volcanoes, and only a few extinct volcanoes of a prior geologic age are to be met with. In Catalonia there is a volcanic region with some fifteen craters, all small and extinct. In the south there are a few little islands, between Valencia and Majorca, of volcanic origin; and between the Capes of Carthage and San Martino two or three volcanic cones may still be seen. But neither in the province of Andalusia, the centre of the earthquake of 1884-5, nor in the kingdom of Portugal, the scene of the cataclysm of 1755, are to be found any traces whatever of volcanic action, ancient or modern. It is therefore probable that to a local crumpling of the earth's crust the catastrophe which has caused so much suffering in Spain, and roused so much sympathy in Europe, is due.

But this, after all, is only theory, and it must be confessed that as yet very little is really known as to the cause of earthquakes. We are still in the period of guessings and conjectures. Some geologists contend that the earth is solid; others opine that the interior is filled with metals and minerals in a state of fusion, which continually evolve inflammable gases—that we are living, in fact, on the shell of a huge fire ball. M. Alexis Perry, of Dijon, believes that this fiery ocean in the bowels of the earth ebbs and flows like the tide; and he has compiled statistics to show that its movements are influenced by the moon, and that earthquakes are more frequent at the times of the solstices and the equinoxes than at any other.

It is a common belief that atmospheric conditions have some connection with earthquakes, and, as in 1755, 1851, and again in 1884, they have often been preceded by heavy rains. But it would be going rather far to infer therefrom that earthquakes are a consequence of wet weather, or even that they have a common cause. If this were the case it would be a bad look-out for England, as also for some other countries. Neither in this idea is there anything new. It occurred to certain Greek philosophers a good many centuries ago, and the inhabitants of the Moluccas, and of some islands off the coast of Peru, are so firmly impressed with its truth that at the approach of the rainy season they abandon their houses, and until the return of fair weather live in lightly-built cabins, which, though they may be shaken in pieces, do not hurt anybody much, and can easily be rebuilt.

But as many acute observers are now engaged in the study of earthquake phenomena seismology may some day rank as one of the exact sciences, and enterprising capitalists, aided by long-headed actuaries, be enabled to turn an honest penny by insuring buildings against earthquakes as they now insure property against fire, and ships against the perils of the seas.



THE GARDEN.—When the ground is frozen, manure may be got in, and all vegetable refuse and dead or dying leaves may be removed to the compost heap. The fallen leaves of autumn, the broken branches, rotting bark of trees, all the garden litter of vegetable origin in fact, is valuable, and can be utilised at a time when work is otherwise stagnant. During the frosty time, too, celery ridges should be protected with litter, and the bush fruit should be covered as regards the soil surface with farmyard manure, which in February may be dug or forked in. The bigger fruit trees and also roses may be first protected and then stimulated in this manner. On such mild days as we may have during the next month potatoes, roots, and apples should be turned over, and rotten ones removed. Pruning of apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, and currants should be completed, and any transplanting left undone before Christmas should now be got through on any damp open days which the season may give us. Training wall-trees can be done to advantage. In the flower garden a general cleaning-up should be made. Borders should be carefully dug and beds made tidy, but the bulbs in the beds must not be disturbed by careless raking. Where lawns and grass-plots show but a poor sward a dressing of stable-dung applied during a frost, and removed when thaw has well set in, will prove a helpful stimulus, while, a little later on, a few renewing seeds should be sown and any patches seen to. Even waste corners should be dug up now, for they almost always contain pupæ of injurious insects or hibernating larvæ or other pests, which on being simply uncovered and disturbed the cold will destroy or hungry birds devour.

ORCHARD TREES are a good deal injured by caterpillars, those of "the winter moth" being exceedingly destructive, and at times proving extraordinarily abundant. The female moths, which lay the eggs, are wingless, and they crawl up the tree stems to deposit their eggs in December and January, when insect life is generally dormant. A band of sticky material round the trees will protect them effectually from this plague. A correspondent last December painted round the stem of his trees, about a foot from the ground, a good broad band of Dandson's composition. The hundreds of moths which were caught in the slimy stuff showed how numerous was the insect army which had been repulsed. Much loss would be prevented by this simple protective measure.

THE PROFITS OF SHEEP FARMING can be gathered in some measure from the returns which Mr. De Alomay, of Wallingford, has just supplied for the benefit of fellow agriculturists. In 1883 the number of ewes lambed down was 461, and the produce of the above sold as follows:—Ram lambs, 879l. 16s. 7d.; wether lambs, 708l. 9s. 4d.; draft ewes, 641l. 6s. 6d.; wool, 143 tods, at 28s., 200l. 4s.; increase of ewe flock, 22 at 5l., 110l. Total, 2,539l. 16s. 5d. In 1884 the number of ewes lambed down was 483. The produce of the above sold as follows:—Ram lambs, 619l. 18s.; wether lambs, 503l. 4s. 4d.; draft ewes, 647l. 2s. 9d.; wool, 146 tods, at 24s., 175l. 4s.; increase of ewe flock, 16 at 5l., 80l. Total, 2,025l. 9s. 1d. Gross total, 4,565l. 5s. 6d. These figures are very discouraging. Thousands of farmers are turning to sheep farming as a profitable policy, and here we have a competent and well-to-do agriculturist seeing his income go down five hundred guineas in a twelvemonth!

SUGAR BEETS must be added to the long list of foods for cattle now being forced on the attention of breeders and farmers. A

Fellow of the Chemical Society, a dweller at botanical Kew, is busily assuring agriculturists that "while mangels contain 90 per cent. of water, and swedes and white turnips often more, sugar beets will generally be found to average about 81 per cent. Thus a crop of sugar beet, even though its gross weight may not be much more than half that of other kinds of roots, will contain quite as much solid nutritive matter. Moreover, it will present the further advantage of containing less of those saline matters which, without being of use in animal nutrition, tend by their removal from the soil to its exhaustion."

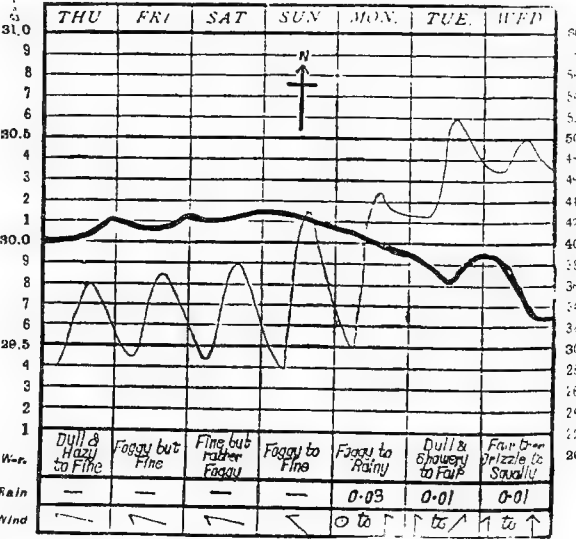
RARE AVES.—A black redstart and a female peregrine falcon have been secured near Malvern, and a bittern near Tregaron in Cardigan, while a cream-coloured robin (but with the breast red as usual) was shot on January 5th at Malton in Yorkshire. We hope that the ill-luck following the wanton slaughter of the redbreast will not spare the "sportsman" who considered a rarity in the plumage a matter for a death-warrant.—In Lincolnshire, during the past four months, the following rare birds have been noted: September 6th, a scoter shot near Boston; September 11th, a Manx shearwater picked up in Boston; September 17th, a semi-albino honey-luzzard shot at Easton Hall; September 25th, an albino house-sparrow shot near Spalding; November 10th, a female merlin shot near Stamford; November 12th, a male merlin shot at Rippingale; November 14th, a bittern shot at Gedney Marsh; November 22nd, a little auk picked up at Caibly; November 25th, another picked up near Stamford by Lord Kesteven; November 28th, a gosander shot at Bourne Eaw; December 3rd, a little auk shot near Boston; December 5th, a male peregrine falcon shot in Billingborough Fen; December 6th, a bittern shot near Wansford; December 6th, another shot near Sleaford. On the same day a cormorant was shot in the welland near Spalding, and a golden eye (*Fuligula clangula*) was shot at the same place and time. On December 22nd, a peregrine falcon was shot near Tickencote; and on the 23rd a mersanger was killed at Spalding. Our readers will regret the extensiveness of this list of shameful and unsportsmanlike extirpations of beautiful and interesting creatures which, as things are going on and with the present laxity of law, the next generation can hardly hope to see alive in a state of Nature.

POULTRY BALANCE SHEET.—A good table of expenses and profits from poultry-keeping is afforded by a correspondent. The following is the cost:—Eighty-five fowls cost 10l. 17s. 6d., 5 turkeys represented an outlay of 2l. 10s., and 3 ducks came to 7s. 6d. These 93 birds ate in 1884 9½ quarters of maize, costing 13l. 12s., and 12½ sacks of meal costing 8l. 15s. 6d. Other food was supplied to the total cost of 2l. 18s. 9d. The runs and labour are put down at 6l. 19s. 3d. Total, 46l. 0s. 6d. The profits were as follows:—Thirty-two young ducks sold at 8s. per couple, being good Aylesburys and hatched early, 19 others fetched 3l. 6s. 6d. Seven pure bred Dorking fowls were sold for two guineas, 32 early fowls for 4l. 17s. 6d., 4 turkey cocks for 3l. 7s., and 6 fat turkeys for 4l. 12s. Duck's eggs for sitting realised 13s. 6d., and 70 dozen fowls' eggs for sitting 4l. 2s. For food 155 dozen fowls' eggs were sold for 7l. 15s. Fifteen couple of fowls fetched 3l. 7s. 6d., and 15 ducks 1l. 17s. 6d. Six late turkeys were sold for 2l. 8s.; and stock on January 1, 1885, comprised 4 turkeys worth 2l. 8s., 2 ducks worth 6s., and 75 fowls worth 8l. 10s. Total, 56l. 0s. 6d. This shows 10l. clear profit, and the figures may be relied upon. But few persons, we fancy, would be such lucky sellers as our friend, while the "runs" cover two acres, the rent of which is not added in, and cannot be put at less than fifty shillings. Altogether we hesitate to describe the above figures as encouraging to poultry keepers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Very heavy snowdrifts are reported in Dorsetshire.—It is rumoured that the Highland Society think of abolishing their Chemical and Analytical Department. We hope they will be better advised.—Glasgow Agricultural Show is fixed for the 17th and 18th June.—The Wiltshire farmers have resolved to form a county agricultural society. Better late than never.—Poultry Shows continue to be very successful. A comparatively obscure Show in Derbyshire recently attracted 410 entries, and the Show just held at Cork nearly doubled the entries of a year ago.—Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Charles Morrison have all made important rent remissions to their agricultural tenants.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the first part of the past week continued cold and foggy over central and fine over eastern England; but afterwards the unsettled, mild, and showery conditions existing over the western half of the United Kingdom spread throughout the country. At the outset of the period an anti-cyclone lay over southern Scandinavia, while areas of relatively low readings existed off our extreme western coasts. Thus, while light south-easterly airs, with sharp frost, and fog, occurred inland, and fine weather along the eastern coasts of England, strong south-easterly winds and mild showery weather prevailed at our western and south-western stations. After Saturday (24th inst.) the anti-cyclone mentioned above moved southwards, while fresh systems of low pressure travelled northwards outside our western coasts. The barometer now fell steadily generally, and a distinct change set in over the greater part of England. The fog "lifted" (slowly in London), and, after a brief interval of very bright weather on Sunday (25th inst.) in the south-east of England, temperature rose decidedly, showers fell in most places, and a considerable amount of cloud was experienced at the majority of our stations. At the close of the week a new and deep depression was found to have advanced very rapidly to the west of Ireland, and produced gales of distinct violence at some of our western stations, accompanied by a pretty general fall of rain and cloudy weather; and these conditions seemed likely to spread over the greater part of the country. The barometer was highest (30.16 inches) on Saturday (24th inst.); lowest (29.64 inches) on Wednesday (28th inst.); range, 0.52 inches. The thermometer was highest (52°) on Tuesday (27th inst.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (29th inst.) and Friday (30th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.05 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.03 inches on Monday (26th inst.).

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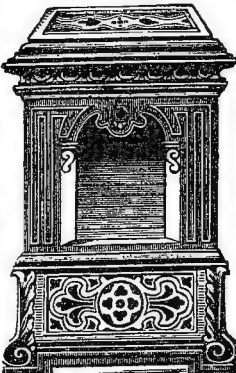
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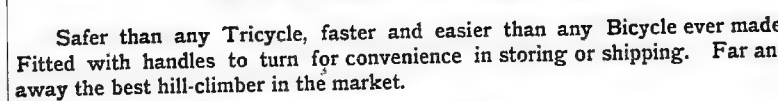
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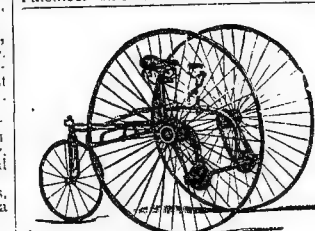
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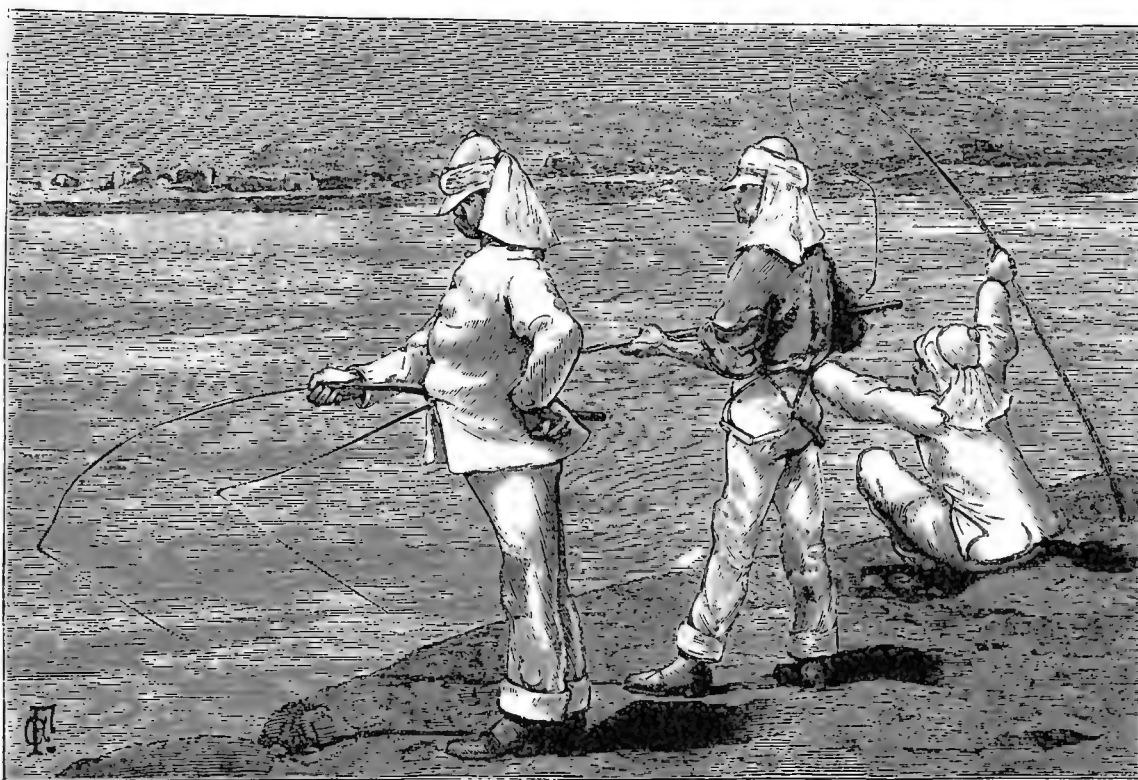
CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

CHristmas was kept in camp at Korti with all due religious observance and secular festivity. Lord Wolseley and his officers spared no pains to make the day as characteristic of Christmastide and as pleasant as possible for all ranks, while a pleasing greeting from home came in the shape of a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Hartington, wishing officers and troops all the compliments of the season. Our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, has sent us some sketches of the proceedings. The first illustration, showing how some enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton occupied their Yuletide leisure, needs no special description. Of the remainder he writes as follows:—

TIDYING-UP ON CHRISTMAS EVE

"My sketch represents washing and tidying-up on Christmas Eve in camp. Hair-cutting was the order of the day, for the first



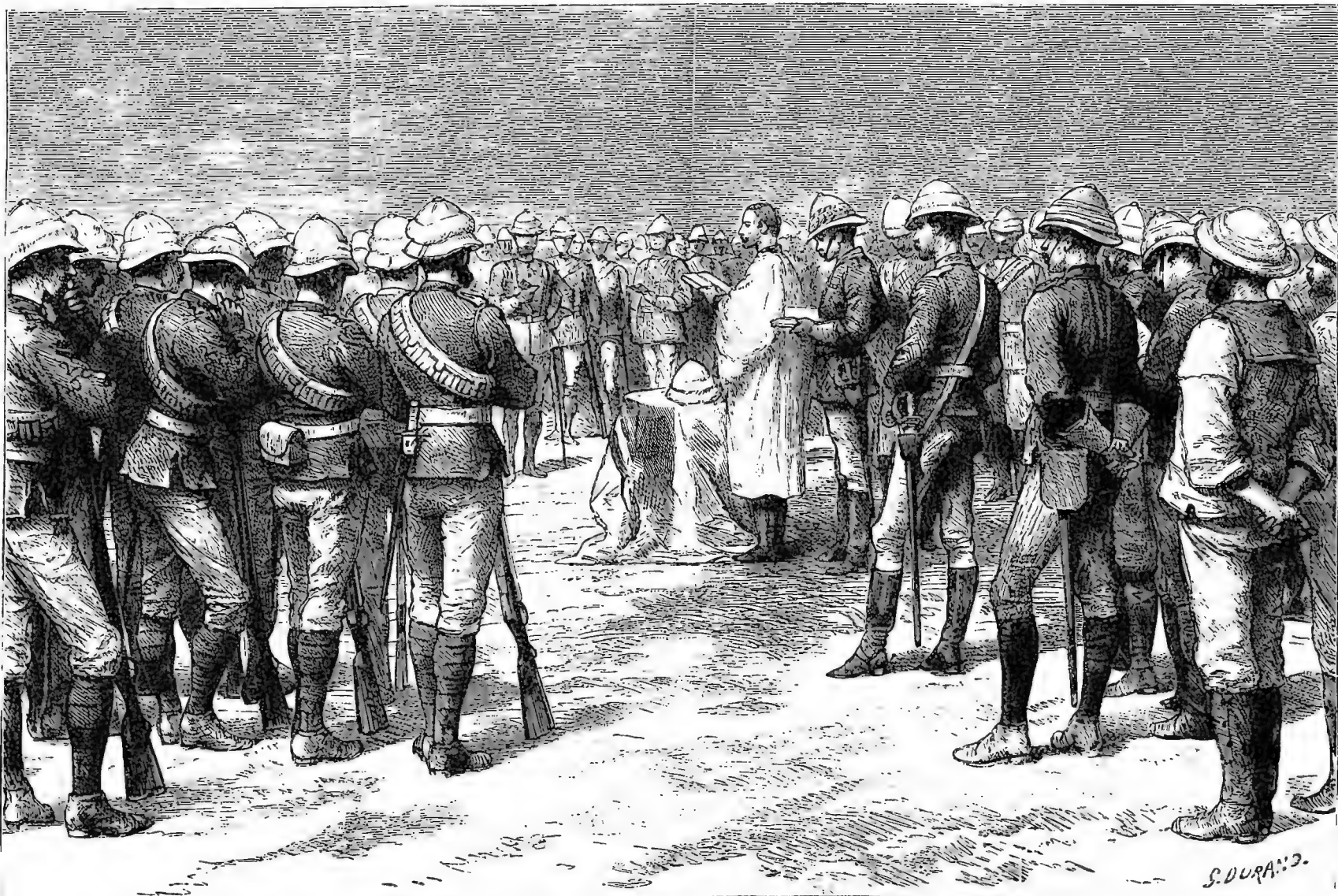
A QUIET CHRISTMAS DAY—FOLLOWING THE PEACEFUL CRAFT AT KORTI

Regiment up the river, the 38th (South Staffordshire) Regiment had not much time *en route* for beautifying, as the seats of their nether garments in my sketch testify, for oarsmen must lose raiment as well as leather.

"The tent and gear depicted belong to a boat's company of twelve men. Nothing can be more perfect than a Nile boat equipment. The tents are roomy, bell-shaped, with double fly—all necessary gear to make campaigning comfortable, or even luxurious, is supplied with the tents. A good filter also is not the least desideratum when the Nile water becomes befouled by a long stay by its banks."

THE CHURCH PARADE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

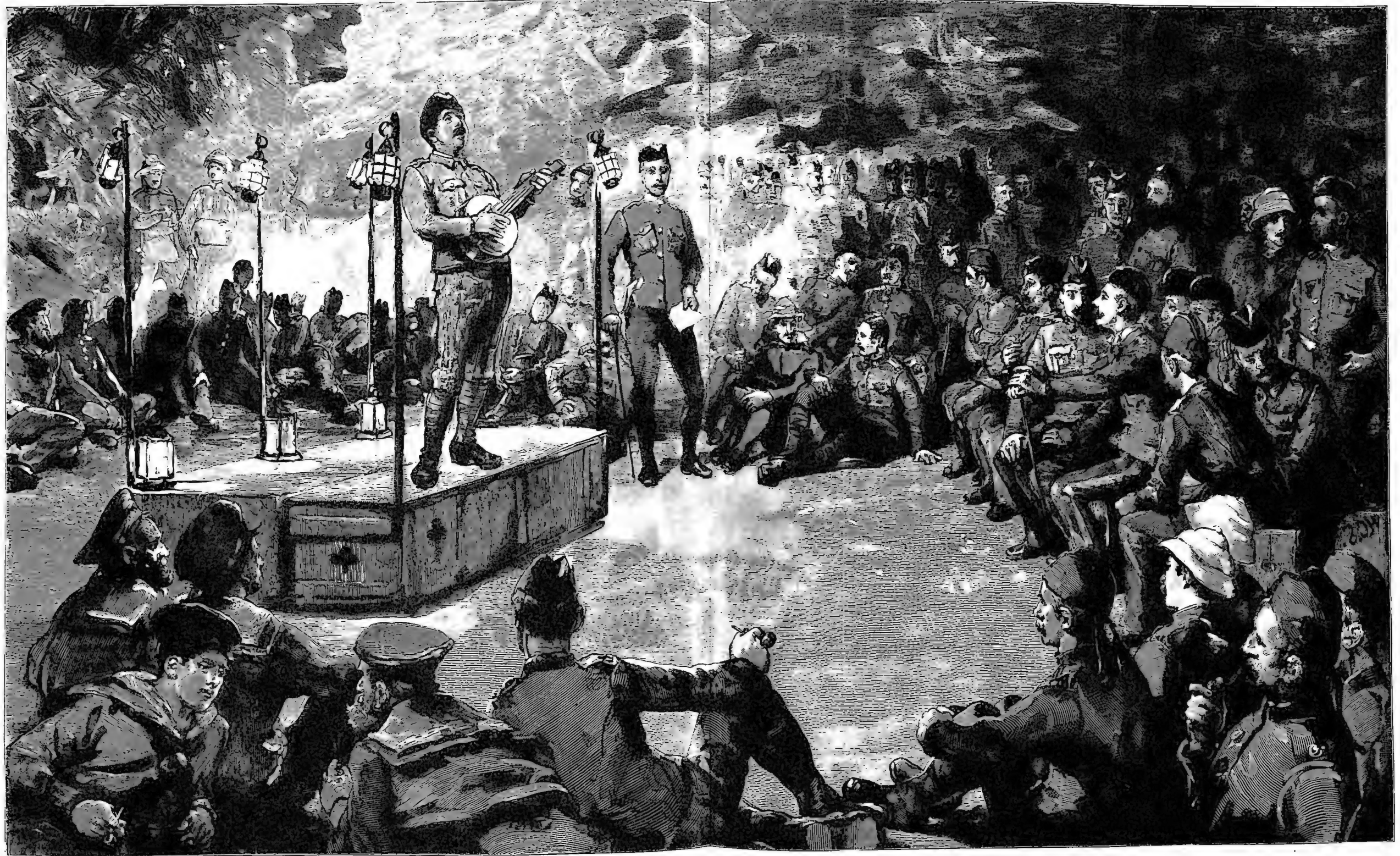
"Church Parade," continues our artist, "presented a very striking sight, for out of the 2,100 troops encamped at Korti on Christmas Day, the finest soldiers in the service attended Divine Service on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. O'Neill, the only chaplain in camp,



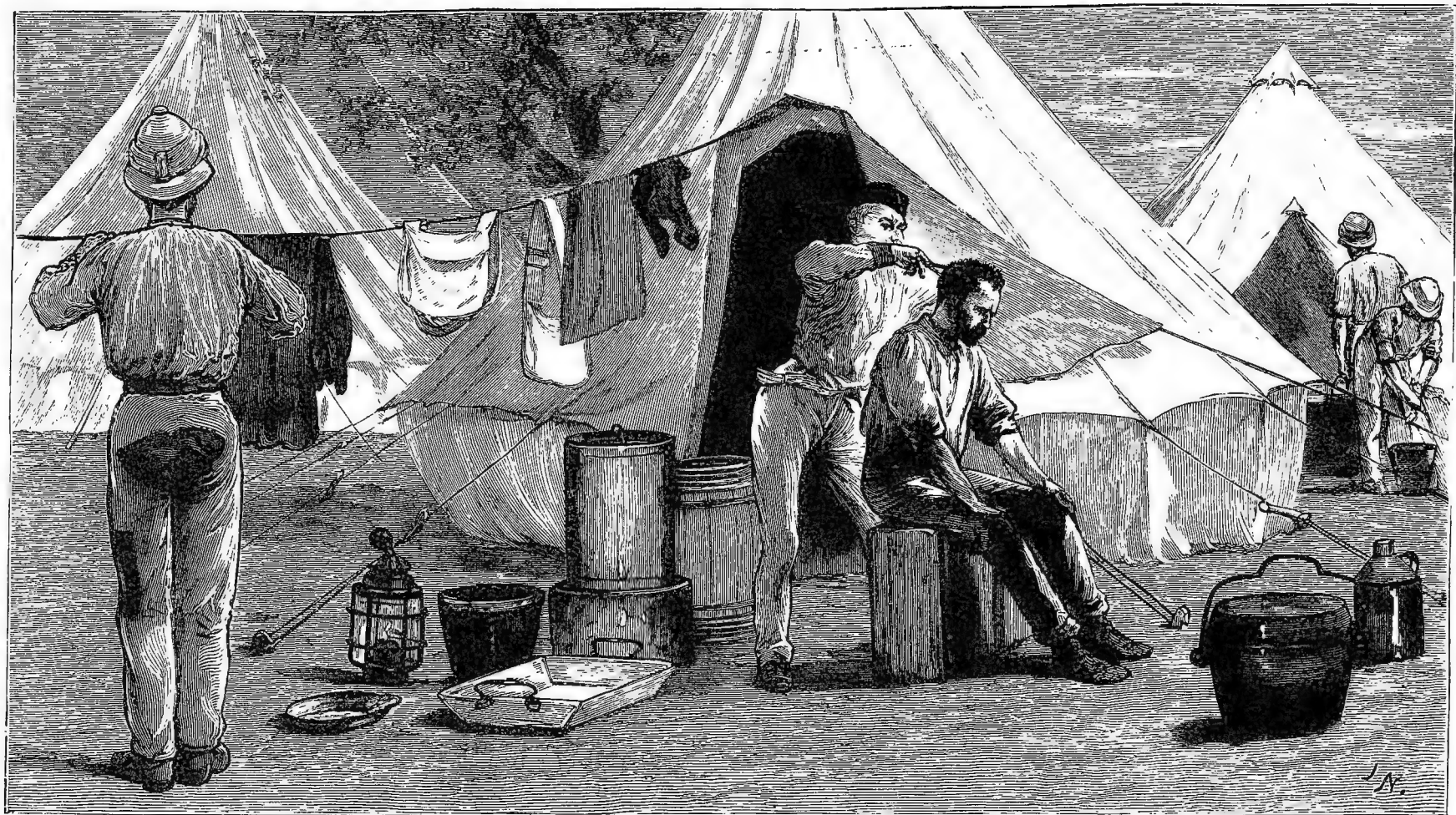
CHURCH PARADE AT KORTI ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

MAJOR WARDROP

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY AND STAFF



CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE—THE GRAND CONCERT AT KORTI ON CHRISTMAS EVENING: "KHARTOUM'S A FALLING"



TIDYING UP ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE CAMP KORTI

officiated. It was more or less a choral service, the South Staffordshire band accompanying the hymns."

MAKING CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS IN CAMP

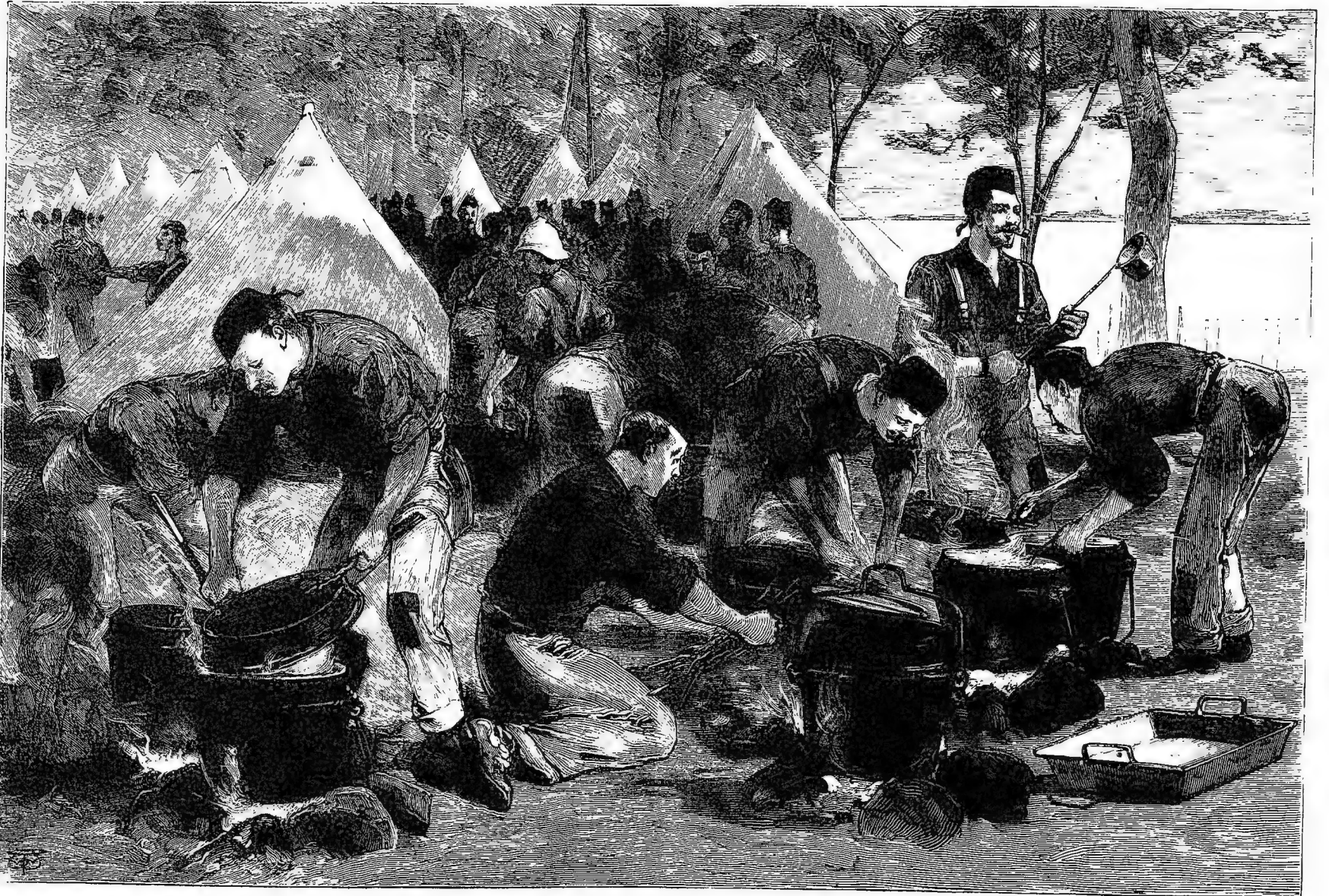
"TOMMY ATKINS, wherever he is, will make himself comfortable at Christmas time, and very few companies went without their Christmas pudding on Christmas Day. Dates were substituted for plums, and suet did not count for much in the ingredients. Sugar and rum, however, made up for many other failings, and the British soldier did not suffer more

from indigestion through this concoction than from a legitimate pudding at home. My sketch represents the puddings being taken from the cooking quarters to the tents in camp by men of the South Staffordshire regiment."

EVENING CONCERT—"KHARTOUM'S A FALLING"

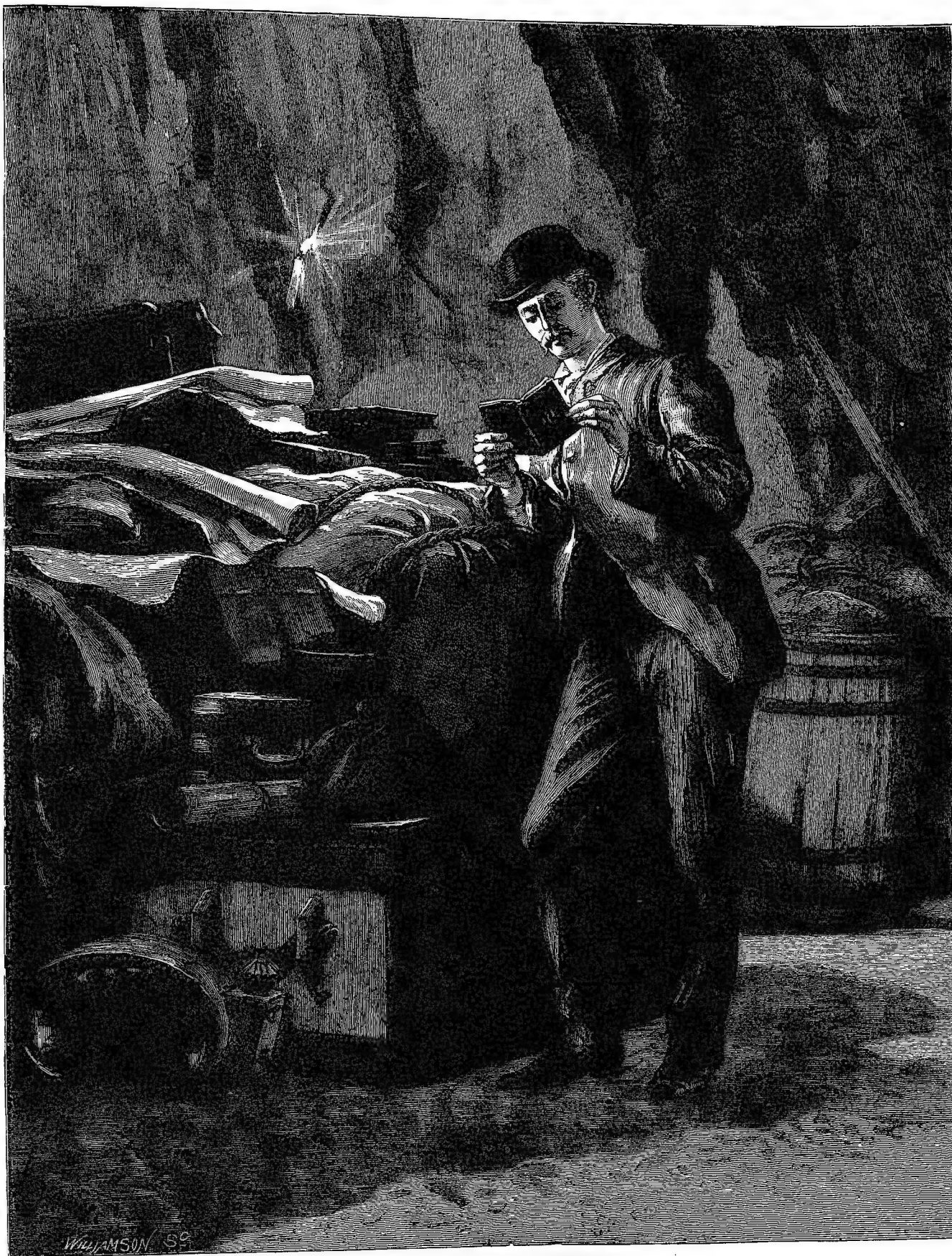
"We had a very amusing and successful open-air concert on the evening of Christmas Day. Two large bonfires were lighted at a short distance from camp, a stage was made of commissariat boxes, with boats' lanterns hung on poles.

Among the many excellent songs was one by Dr. W. F. Pratt, the Headquarters Staff-Surgeon, who accompanied himself on a banjo, adapted 'Babylon's a Falling' to 'Khartoum's a Falling'—much to the delight of Tommy Atkins, who altogether had quite a good time, for double rations of rum and tobacco had been served out during the day. Lord Wolseley and his Staff, of course, patronised the show, and remained till it was all over. The General seemed much amused, and expressed his desire for another concert on New Year's night, if we were all in camp."



MAKING CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS IN CAMP, KORTI

CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE



DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH

"But what more particularly attracted his attention was a loose piece of parchment fastened to the title-page with a rusty pin."

MATT: A NOVEL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &C., &C.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRET OF THE CAVE

THE young man of the caravan was now thoroughly convinced that one of two things must be true, either that William Jones had been instructed to keep a watch upon him, or that he, William Jones, had a secret of some sort which he was anxious not to have revealed. After both suppositions had been duly weighed the second was accepted as the most likely; and it forthwith received the young man's consideration.

If there was a secret, he argued, it was in some way connected, firstly, with William Jones's worldly prosperity, secondly, with the reports current of treasure hidden in times past among the sand-hills or the dangerous caverns of the sea. Was it possible, after all, that those reports were true, and that in some mysterious manner Jones had become acquainted with the hiding place? It seemed very improbable for many reasons, one of the chief being the man's extreme poverty, which appeared to touch the very edge of sheer starvation.

A little inquiry in the neighbourhood, however, elicited the information that Jones, despite his abject penury, was certainly well-to-do, and had money in the bank of the neighbouring market town; that the ruined village of Abertaw belonged almost entirely to him; and that, in short, he was by nature and habit a miserly

person, who would prefer hoarding up whatever he possessed to purchasing with it the commonest necessities of life.

An old coast-guard, whom Brinkley found next day on the station, was his chief informant.

"Don't you believe him, sir," said this old salt, "if he tells you he's poor. He's a shark, William Jones is, and couldn't own up even to his own father. It's my belief he's got gold hidden somewhere among them sand-hills, let alone what he's got in the savings bank. Ah, he's a artful one, is William Jones."

Brinkley had said nothing of his own private suspicions, but had merely introduced in a general way the subject of Jones's worldly position. Further conversation with Tim, who had made a few straggling acquaintances in the district, corroborated the other testimony. The young man became more and more convinced that William Jones was worth studying.

Matt had not turned up that morning. Instead of looking after her, Brinkley took another stroll towards the vicinity of the Devil's Cauldron. He had not gone far before he discovered that he was watched again. The figure of William Jones followed in the distance, but keeping him well in view.

It was certainly curious. He walked over to the cliffs and looked down at the scene of yesterday's bathing adventure. A strong wind was blowing, and the waves were surging up the rocks with deafening roar and

foamy spume. The place looked very ugly, particularly near the Cauldron. All the passage was churned to milky white, and the sound from beneath was, to quote an old simile, like the roar of innumerable chariots.

He glanced over his shoulder, and saw the head of William Jones eagerly watching, the body being hidden behind an intervening rock.

"Strange!" he reflected. "My predatory friend can't keep his treasure, if he possesses any, down in that watery gulf. Yet whenever I come near it his manner tells me that I am 'warm,' as they say in the game of hide and seek."

To test the matter a little further he set off on a brisk walk along the cliffs, leaving the Cauldron behind. He found, as he had suspected, that he was no longer followed. Returning as he came, and resuming his old position, he saw William Jones immediately re-appear.

That day he discovered no clue to the mystery, nor the next, nor the next again, though on each day he went through a similar performance. Strange to say, Matt had not put in an appearance, and for reasons of his own he had thought it better not to seek her.

On the morning of the third day—a dark chilly morning after a night of rain—Tim put his head into the caravan, where his master was seated at his easel, and grinned delightedly.

"Mr. Charles! She's come, sor!"

"Who the deuce has come?" cried Brinkley.

"The lady, your honour, to have her picture taken. Will I show her into the parlour?"

But as he spoke Matt pushed him aside and entered. She wore her best clothes, but looked a little pale and anxious, Brinkley thought, as he greeted her with a familiar nod.

"So you've come at last? Tim, get out, you rascal. I thought you had given me up."

He assumed a coldness, though he felt it not, for he had made up his mind not to "encourage" the young person.

"I couldn't come before—they wouldn't let me. But last night, William Jones he didn't come home, and I broke open the box and took out my clothes, and ran straight off here."

Her face fell as she proceeded, for she could not fail to notice the coolness of the young man's greeting.

"Well, since you *have* come we'll get to work," said Brinkley. "It's chilly and damp outside, so we'll remain here in shelter."

Matt took off her hat, and then proceeded to divest herself of her coarse jacket, revealing for the first time the low-necked silk dress beneath. Meantime the young man placed the sketch in position. Turning presently, he beheld Matt's transformation.

Old and shabby as the dress was, torn here and there, and revealing beneath glimpses of coarse stockings and clumsy boots, it became her wonderfully. As a result of much polishing with soap and water her face shone again, and her arms and neck were white as snow. Thus attired, Matt looked no longer a long shambling girl, but a tall, bright, resplendent, young lady.

It was no use. Brinkley could not conceal his admiration. Matt's arm alone was enough to make a painter wild with delight.

"Why, Matt, you look positively magnificent. I had no idea you were so pretty."

The girl blushed with pleasure.

The young man worked away for a good hour and a half, at the end of which time he put the finishing touch to the sketch.

"*Finit coronat opus!*" he cried. "Look, Matt!"

Matt examined the picture with unconcealed delight. It was herself, a little idealised, but quite characteristic, and altogether charming.

"May I take it home?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll get you to leave it a few days longer. I must get a frame for it, Matt, and then you shall have it all complete. Now, let me look at you again," he said, taking her by both hands and looking up at her sunny face. "Are you pleased? Will you take care of the picture for the painter's sake?"

Matt's answer was embarrassing. She quietly sat down on his knee, and gave him a smacking kiss.

"Matt! Matt!" he cried. "You mustn't."

But she put her warm arm round his neck, and rested her cheek against his shoulder.

"I should like to have pretty dresses and gold bracelets and things, and to go away from William Jones and to stay with you."

"My dear," said Brinkley laughing, "you couldn't. It wouldn't be proper."

"Why not?" asked Matt simply.

"The world is censorious, little one. I am a young man, you are a young lady. We shall have to shake hands soon and say good-bye. There, there," he continued, seeing her eyes fill with tears, "I'm not gone yet. I shall stay as long as I can, only—really—you must look upon me as quite an old fellow. I am awfully old, you know, compared to you."

He gently disengaged himself, and Matt sat down on a camp stool close by. Her face had grown very wistful and sad.

"Matt," he said, anxious to change the subject, "tell me something more about William Jones."

"I hate William Jones. I hate everybody—but you"

"Really?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I feel greatly flattered. But about the gentle Jones? You say he was out all last night."

Matt nodded.

"He goes out nigh every night," she said, "and often don't come home till morning. Sometimes he finds things and brings 'em. He finds bits o' gold and old ropes and bottles o' rum."

"Very odd. Where?"

"He don't tell; I know."

"I wish you'd tell me, Matt. Do. I have a particular reason for wanting the information."

Matt hesitated.

"You won't say I told? William Jones would be downright wild, he would."

"I'll keep the secret faithfully. Now."

Thus urged, Matt informed her friend that on two occasions, out of curiosity, she had followed her guardian on his nightly pilgrimages, and watched him go in the direction of the Devil's Cauldron. On both occasions the night was very dark. On getting clear of the coast-guard station, and among the sand hills, Jones had lighted a lantern which he carried. Trembling and afraid, she had followed the light along the cliffs, then out among the sand hills. But all at once the light and its bearer had disappeared into the solid earth, leaving her to find her way home in terror.

The explanation of all this was, in Matt's opinion, very simple. William Jones was a bad man, and went to "visit the fairies."

"Yes," she cried, "and every time he goes the fairies give him summat, and he brings it home."

"Each time you followed him," asked Brinkley thoughtfully, "he disappeared at about the same place?"

"Yes," said Matt, "and the light and him sunk right down and never come up again."

The result of the information thus communicated was to leave the young man of the caravan far more curious than ever. He determined to turn the tables on William Jones, and to watch his movements, not in the day time, but during the summer night, waiting for his appearance in the immediate neighbourhood of the Devil's Cauldron.

The first night he saw nothing—it was stormy, with wild gusts of rain. The second night was equally uneventful. Nothing daunted, he went for a third and last time, and lay in the moonlight on the cliffs looking towards the village.

The night was dark and cloudy, but from time to time the moon came out with sudden brilliance on the sea, which was gently stirred by a breeze from the land.

He waited for several hours. About midnight he rose to go home. As he did so he was startled by the sound of oars, and lying down perceived a small boat approaching on a silver patch of moonlit sea.

The moon came out, and he saw that the occupant of the boat was a solitary man.

It approached rapidly, making direct for the Devil's Cauldron. Lying down on his face and peeping over, Brinkley saw it stop short just outside the foaming passage, while the man stood up, stooped, lifted something heavy from the bottom, and threw it overboard. Then, after watching for a moment a dark object which drifted shoreward, right into the Cauldron, he rowed away until he reached a sheltered creek close to the scene of the swimming adventure. Here he ran the boat ashore and leapt out.

The next minute Brinkley heard him coming up the cliffs.

Trembling with excitement he lay down flat on his face and

wrote. Presently the man emerged on the top of the cliffs, within a few yards of Brinkley's hiding-place. Just then the moon flashed brightly out, and Brinkley recognised him!

It was William Jones, carrying on his shoulders something like a loaded sack, and, dangling from his left wrist, a horn-lantern.

He looked round once or twice and then hurried towards the sand-hills. Brinkley followed stealthily. The moon now went in, and it became pitch dark. Presently Jones paused, set down his load, and lit the lantern; then he hurried on.

For fifty or sixty yards a coarse carpet of greensward covered the cliffs; then the sandhills began. Passing over the first sand-hill, Jones disappeared. Quick as thought the young man followed, and, peering over, saw the light in the hollow beneath; it rose higher and higher till it reached the top of the next sand-hill, where it paused. Crawling on hands and knees Brinkley slipped down into the hollow, and then crept upward half-way up the mound; he found a huge rock, behind which he crouched and peeped.

As he did so, William Jones, light in hand, seemed to dive down into the solid earth and disappear.

For a minute after the disappearance Charles Brinkley lay as if petrified; and, indeed, he was altogether lost in wonder. What had happened? Had an earthquake swallowed the mysterious one, or had he tumbled down in a fit? Brinkley waited and watched, five minutes had passed, ten minutes, and still the light did not re-emerge. At last, overcome by his curiosity, Brinkley rose, and, stooping close to the ground, crept from the rock behind which he had lain concealed, and crawled across the summit of the sand-hill. Suddenly he stopped short and went down on hands and knees, for he now clearly discerned, coming out of the solid earth or sand, the glimmer of the light.

It glimmered, then disappeared again. Just then the moon came out of her cloud, illuminating the hillocks with vitreous rays; and he perceived close by him a dark hole opening into the very heart of the hillock.

He crept closer and looked down, but could see nothing. He held his head over the hole and listened; all he heard was a dull, hollow moaning, like the sound of the sea. The light of the moon, however, enabled him to perceive that the hole had been covered with a loose piece of wood, or lid, about four feet square, and with an iron ringbolt in the centre, which lid was now lying by the side of the opening, ready to be replaced. A number of large pieces of stone, such as were strewn everywhere about the sand-hills, lay piled close by.

He lay for some time waiting and listening. All at once, far behind him, the light glimmered again. Quick as thought he rose and crept away, only just in time; for he had no sooner regained the shelter of the rock, and crouched there watching, than he saw the light re-emerge, accompanied by a human head; a human body followed, and then he clearly discerned William Jones standing in the moonlight without the burthen he had previously carried, and holding in his hand a lantern.

Setting the lantern down, William busied himself for several minutes, and finally, having concluded the work on which he was engaged, extinguished the light. Then, after glancing suspiciously round him on every side, he walked rapidly down the sand-hill, and disappeared in the direction of the sea.

Not until he distinctly heard the splash of oars, and saw the black silhouette of the boat pass out from the shadow of the rock on to the moonlit sea, did Brinkley again begin to stir; and even then he did so very cautiously, lest his figure should be perceived against the moonlight by the lynx-eyed rower. Creeping on hands and knees, he again crawled to the mysterious spot, and found, as he had indeed anticipated, that the hole was covered up, and the wooden lid or trap-door so carefully covered with stones and loose sand as to be completely hidden.

His first impulse was to displace the *débris*, and at once to explore the mysterious place; but reflecting that he was unprovided with lights of any kind, and that the cavity below would most certainly be in total darkness, he determined to postpone his visit of inspection until daylight. By this time there was no sight or sound of the boat. Rising to his feet, he mused. It was all very well to talk of returning another time, but how was he to find the spot? The sea of sandy hillocks stretched on every side, and he knew by experience how difficult it was to distinguish one hillock from another. As to the cairns of loose stones, such cairns were nearly as numerous as the hillocks themselves.

At last he thought of the rock where he had first concealed himself. Such rocks were numerous too; but pulling out his case of crayons, he marked the base of the rock with a small streak of colour. Finally, remembering that the dritt sand might cover this mark so made, he drew out his penknife, and made a large cross in the hard sand. Having taken these precautions, he made the best of his way down to the cliffs, and following the open greensward which fringed the crags, made the best of his way home to the caravan.

At daybreak the next day he strolled back along the crags, first taking a bird's-eye view of the village; and perceiving no sight of William Jones, who had doubtless no suspicion that he would rise so early, he soon found the spot where he had stood overnight, watching the approach of the boat; and first reconnoitring the neighbourhood, struck off among the sand-hills. At first he was guided by footprints, but as the sand grew harder, these disappeared. At length, after a somewhat bewildering search, he found the sand-hill he sought, the rock with his mark upon it, the cross marked in the ground, and finally, the well-concealed mouth of the hole.

He looked keenly to right and left. No one was visible. Stooping down he displaced the stones and loose sand, and disclosed the trap-door with its iron ring. A long pull, a strong pull, and up came the trap. Open Sesame! Behind him was a dark cavity, with a slanting path descending into the bowels of the earth.

Anxious to lose no time, he squeezed himself through the aperture, and began descending. While he did so he heard the hollow roaring he had heard the night before. As he proceeded he drew out a box of matches and a candle, which he lit. Proceeding cautiously on his back, and restraining himself with his elbows from too rapid descent, he found himself surrounded not by sand, but by solid rock, and peering downward, saw that he was looking down into a large subterranean cave.

Just beneath him was a flight of steps cut in the solid. Descending these carefully, for they were slippery as ice, he reached the bottom, and found it formed of sea-gravel and loose shells, forming indeed a decline like the seashore itself, to the edge of which, filling about half the cavern, the waters of the sea crept with a long monotonous moan. Approaching the water's edge he saw facing him the solid walls of the cliff, but just at the base there was an opening, a sort of slit, almost touching the waves at all times, quite touching them when the swell rose, and through this opening crept beams of daylight, turning the waves to a clear malachite green.

The mystery was now clear enough. The cave communicated directly with the sea, but in such a way as to make an entrance for any large object impossible from that direction.

Turning his back upon the water, and holding up the candle, he examined the interior. The damp black rocks rose on every side, and from the roof hung spongy weeds and funguses like those which are to be seen in sunless vaults of wine, but piled against the inner wall was a hoard of treasures enough to make a smuggler's mouth water or turn a wrecker's brain.

Punchons of rum and other spirits, bales of wool, planks of mahogany and pine, oars, broken masts, coils of rope, tangles of running rigging, flags of all nations, and other articles such as are

used on ship-board, swinging tables, brass swinging lumps, masthead lanterns, and hammocks; enough and to spare, in short, to fit out a small fleet of vessels. Lost in amazement, Brinkley examined this extraordinary hoard, the accumulation doubtless of many years. All at once his eye fell upon a large canvas bag, rotten with age, and gaping open. It was as full as it could hold with pieces of gold, bearing the superscription of the Mint of Spain.

Oh! William Jones! William Jones! And all this was yours, at least by right of plunder, upon the Queen's sea-way; all this which, turned into cash, would have made a man rich beyond the dreams of avarice, was the possession of one who lived like a miserly beggar, grudging himself and his flesh and blood the common necessities of life, and had never been known, from boyhood upward, to give a starving fellow-creature so much as a crust of bread, or to drop a penny into the poor-box. Oh, William Jones! William Jones!

The above reflections belong, not to the present writer, but to my adventurous discoverer, the captain of the caravan.

As Brinkley proceeded on his tour of inspection, he became more and more struck with wonder. Nothing seemed too insignificant or too preposterously useless for secretion in that extraordinary ship's cavern. There were mops and brooms, there were holy-stones, there were "squeezes," there were canisters of tinned provisions, there were bags of adamantine ship-biscuits, there were sacks of potatoes (which esculents, long neglected, had actually sprouted, and put forth leaves), there were ringbolts, there were tin mugs, and, lastly, *mirabile dictu*, there were books—said books lay piled on the top of a heap of sacks, and were in the last stage of mildew and decay. For what purpose had they been carried there? Certainly not to form a library, for William Jones could not read. As curiosity deepened, Brinkley opened some of the forlorn volumes, covered with mildew, and full of hideous crawling things. Most were in foreign tongues, but there were several English novels; half a century old, and a book of famous "Voyages," also in English. Near to them were several large paper rolls—ships' charts, evidently, and almost falling to pieces. And on the top of the charts was a tiny Prayer-book, slime-covered and dripping wet!

What possessed Brinkley to examine the Prayer-book I cannot determine, but in after years he always averred that it was an inspiration. At any rate, he did open it, and saw that the fly-leaf was covered with writing, yellow, difficult to decipher, fast fading away. But what more particularly attracted his attention was a loose piece of parchment, fastened to the title-page with a rusty pin, and covered also with written characters.

Fixing the candle on a nook in the damp wall, he inspected the title-page, and deciphered these words:—

"Christmas Eve, 1864, on board the ship *Trinidad*, fast breaking up on the Welsh coast. If any Christian soul should find this book and these lines where I place them, if they sink not with their bearer (on whom I leave my last despairing blessing) to the bottom of the sea, or if God in His infinite mercy should spare 'and save the little child' (the book trembled in his hand, as he read. The writing went on): 'I cast her adrift in her cradle in sight of shore, on a little raft made by my own hands. 'Tis a desperate hope, but He can work miracles, and if it is His will, she may be saved. Attached to this holy book are the proofs of her poor dead mother's marriage and my darling's birth. May she live to inherit my name. Signed, MATTHEW THORPE MONK, Colonel, 15th Cavalry, Bengal.'"

The mystery was deepening indeed!

At last Brinkley thrust the book and its contents into his pocket, and after one look round, took the candle, and made his way up the rocks, and out of the cave. When he saw the light of day above him he blew out the light, and crawled up through the aperture. Then, standing on the lonely sand-hill, he surveyed the scene on every side. There was no sign of any living soul.

Carefully, but rapidly, he returned the trapdoor to its place, covered it with the stones and liberal handfuls of loose sand, and walked away, taking care, for the first hundred yards, to obliterate his footprints as he went.

CHAPTER X.

MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

ABOUT this time Matt noticed a curious change come over her artist friend. He was more thoughtful, and consequently less entertaining. Often when she appeared and began chatting to him about affairs in which she thought he might take some interest, she had the mortification not merely of eliciting no reply, but of finding that he had not heard a word of her conversation.

Now this style of proceeding would certainly have caused her some annoyance, but for one compensating fact which put the balance entirely on the other side. It was evident that, despite the change, Brinkley's interest in Matt was not lessening, nay, it rather seemed to be on the increase, and this fact Matt, very woman as she was, was quick to perceive.

Very often, on looking suddenly at him, she found his eyes fixed wonderingly and sympathetically upon her. She asked him on one occasion what he was thinking about.

"You, Matt," he answered promptly. "I was trying to imagine," he continued, seeing her blush and hang her head, "how you would look in silks and velvets; got up, in fact, like a grand demoiselle. What would you say, now, if a good fairy were to find you out some day and were to offer to change you from what you are to a fine young lady—would you say Yes?"

Matt reflected for a moment, then she followed her feminine instinct, and nodded her head vigorously.

"Ah!—by the way, Matt, can you read?"

"Print, not writing."

"And write?"

"Just a bit!"

"Who taught you? William Jones?"

"No, that he didn't; I learned off Tim Pensera down village. William Jones, he can't read and he can't write; no more can William Jones's father."

This last piece of information set the young man thinking so deeply that the rest of the interview became rather dull for Matt. When she rose to go, however, he came out of his abstraction, and asked her if she would return on the following day.

"I don't know—praps!" she said.

"Ah," returned the young man, assuming his flippant manner. "you find me tedious company, I fear. The fact is, I am generally affected in this manner in the present state of the moon. But come to-morrow, Matt. Your presence does me good."

However, the next day passed, and the next again, and there was no sign of Matt. He began to think the child had taken offence, and that he would have to seek her in her own home, when her opportune appearance prevented the journey. He was taking his breakfast one morning inside the caravan, when he suddenly became conscious that Matt was standing outside watching him.

"O, you are there, are you?" he said, coolly. "Come in and have some breakfast, Matt."

He rose negligently, went to the door, and held forth his hand; Matt took it, gave one spring, and landed inside the vehicle.

"Tim, another knife and fork for the young lady—some more eggs and milk; in fact, anything you've got!" said Brinkley, as he placed a seat for Matt at the little table.

Tim gave a grunt of dissatisfaction. This "bold colleen," as he

called her, was becoming too much for him, but he perforce obeyed his master's commands. Matt sat down and ate with an appetite; Brinkley played negligently with his knife, and watched her.

"It is two days since you were here, Matt," said he. "I was seriously thinking of coming to look for you. Why wouldn't you come before?"

"'Twasn't that!" said Matt. "I couldn't!"

"Couldn't? Why?"

"Why, he wouldn't let me, William Jones. He says he'll smash me if I come here and talk to you."

As Matt spoke her bosom heaved and her eyes flashed fire.

"He ain't at home to-day," she said, in answer to the young man's query concerning the ex-wrecker; "he's gone up to market town and won't be back before night."

As Brinkley looked at her a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Matt," he said, "you and I will go wreck-hunting this afternoon, that is if you've no objection."

She certainly had none: wherever he went she seemed willing to follow. In a very little while the two had started off. It was Brinkley who led this time, Matt walking along beside him like a confiding child.

"By the way, Matt," he said presently, "you told me once of treasures being hidden amongst the sand hills. Did anybody ever find any?"

"Not that I know on."

"William Jones for instance?"

"No. Leastways I don't know."

"Well, what would you say, Matt, if I told you that I had found one?"

"If you?"

"Yes. I wonder if you can keep a secret? Yes, on reflection I think you can. Now before we go any further, Matt, first you place your hand in mine, and promise never to mention until I give you permission what I am about to confide in you now."

Matt's curiosity was aroused.

"All right," she replied eagerly, "I shan't tell."

"Very good," replied Brinkley, "we will now proceed."

They passed on amongst the sand hills, and came to the entrance of the cave. Brinkley removed the stones and sand from the hole, and entered. Breathless with curiosity, Matt followed. They reached the bottom. Brinkley struck a light, and pointed out to her all the wonderful treasures which the cave contained. It was such a surprise to the girl that for a time she could do nothing but stare and stare in speechless wonder. Whistling gaily, Brinkley turned about the casks of rum and brandy, and thrust his hands into the bags and let the gleaming gold slip through his fingers.

Matt's amazement turned into awe.

"Don't," she said in a fearful whisper, "it belongs to the fairies."

Brinkley laughed.

"It belongs to a very substantial fairy, Matt, but I don't think that to-day I will mention that fairy's name. Did you ever see so much money in all your life before, Matt?"

She shook her head, but her eyes were still fixed upon the gold. "I see," observed Brinkley flippantly, "the sight of that gold fascinates you. Well, so it did me at first, but you see what use does. I can regard it now with comparative calmness. However, I have a particular wish to accustom you to the sight of wealth, therefore I shall bring you here and show you this now and again. Come, Matt, tell me what you would do if you were very rich, if all this flotsam and jetsam in fact belonged to you."

Without the slightest hesitation Matt replied,

"I should give it to you—leastways half of it."

"Ah, the reply is characteristic, and clearly shows you are not at present fitted to become the possessor of riches. But I shall bring you to the proper state of mind in time, no doubt. The next time I ask you a similar question you will propose to give me a third, the next an eighth, and so on, until you will finally come to a proper state of mind, and decline to give me any at all. And now that I have made you the sharer of my secret we will go."

They left the cave once more and made their way back across the sand hills, Brinkley pausing to obliterate their footprints as they went. When they had proceeded some distance he paused, and took the girl's hand.

"Good-bye, Matt," said he. "If it wasn't for that promised thrashing I should certainly see you home."

"Then do," returned Matt. "I don't care if he *does* smash me!"

"Probably not, but I do. It would be an episode in your career which it would not be pleasant to reflect upon—therefore, good-bye, Matt—and—God bless you, my girl!"

He gave her a fatherly salute upon the forehead, a bright flush overspread her cheek as she bounded away. Brinkley watched her until she was out of sight, then he turned, and strolled quietly on in the direction of the caravan.

"It's a strange game," he said, "and requires careful playing. I wonder what my next move ought to be?"

He thought very deeply, but when he reached the caravan he found he had come to no definite conclusion as to his plans. He therefore partook cheerfully of the repast which Tim had prepared for him, and after he had smoked a couple of pipes in the open air he retired to rest.

The next morning he began pondering again.

"I have got my trump card," he said to himself, "but how to play up to it? I have a splendid hand, but it will want skilful playing if I am to win the game. One false move would do for me, for my opponents are crafty as foxes, and they are two against one. What is my right move, I wonder? I wish some good fairy would guide me!"

He took out his pipe, which was his usual consoler, and smoked while he took a few turns on the greensward outside the caravan.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"I think I'll pay a domiciliary visit to Mr. Monk," he said. "I can meet him now on pretty equal terms. If I hint a few things to him, the amiable gentleman may think of becoming just."

He called up Tim, and sent him on some trivial errand down to the village. As soon as he was well out of the way Brinkley entered the caravan, produced some papers from the inner pocket of his coat, and locked them up securely in his trunk.

"So far so good," he said. "My amiable friend may not be in an amiable mood, and I don't wish him to get any advantage of me!"

He did not even take with him the key of the box, but having attached to it a small piece of paper, on which were some written instructions, he hid it in the caravan and started off upon his journey.

It was a dark, gloomy morning, giving every promise of coming storms. As he passed through the wood which surrounded Monks-hurst House, the wind whistled softly among the trees, making a moan like the sound of human voices.

"A gloomy place," said Brinkley; "a fit residence for such as he. Any dark deed might be committed here, and who would know?"

The path which he followed was a neglected carriage drive, strewn with stones, overgrown with weeds, and bordered on either side by the thick trees of the forest. Presently the trees parted, and he came in view of the house.

A large gloomy-looking building, as neglected as the woodland in the centre of which it stood. It seemed as if only a part of it was inhabited, and the large garden at its back was unprotected by any wall, and full of overgrown fruit trees.

The door was opened by a grim elderly woman. He inquired for Mr. Monk, and was informed that he was at home. The next minute he was standing in a lonely library, where the owner of the house was busy writing. Monk rose, and the two stood face to face.

(To be continued)



SIGNOR GALLENGA'S title, "Episodes of My Second Life" (Chapman and Hall), is due to the fact that since 1836 he has lived among people of English speech. In that year, being a political exile with a very pleasant tutorship at Tangier, he was advised by a tall-talking Yankee Consul of the Chollop type to try America. He tried it, making a terribly long passage in the most ill-appointed of orange boats. Money difficulties naturally beset him at the outset; and the *naïveté* with which he tells how, acting on a brother exile's advice, he of all men in the world sought and obtained help from "Mother Church" is delicious. Of course he never rested till he gave back the "humiliating loan," but in such a blundering way that no one knew it came from him. In Boston and Cambridge he soon became a minor lion, the Everetts and others learning Italian that "Luigi Mariotti" might have some lesson-giving. He fell in love, *more suo*, with all the pretty women in general, and with Miss Milner in particular; and suffered from the ways of Yankee woman-kind when, after much preliminary flirtation, he ventured on a kiss. His sharp rebuff sent him to London, where his inflexible rectitude kept him for a time a ladies' school hack. For instance, a Duchess had graciously arranged lessons for her daughters, but broke off when, in reply to the question: "By the way, are you a Roman or a Tuscan?" he replied, "a North Italian." Such treatment was specially mortifying at a time when the successful Signor Triveri was one Treves, a German Jew, while Macarini's real name was M'Crie. Life in London must nevertheless have been amusing; and very amusing is the rattling, kindly, half-satire with which our author sketches "that less mercurial Yankee" the Cockney of forty years ago; and Panizzi bullying the Museum servants, his favourite oath being the stagey "Zounds!" and the dandified Mr. Otley, of the firm which, thanks to Mrs. Jameson, gave him his first start; and Bulwer Lytton, whose private secretaryship he was discerning enough to decline. He is bitter on no one, save on unfrocked priests of the Achilli and Ciochi type; and he tells everything, except her name, for the sake of gazing unseen on whom in the College Chapel at Windsor, N.S., he every Saturday night rode the forty miles from Halifax, returning after supper on Sunday. This was during a second short stay in the New World, to which Bishop Inglis had deluded him by the offer of a somewhat bogus Professorship. Before this his destiny as a literary man had been fixed, and was not altered by several political trips to Italy. Instead of heading a troop of horse he became "our own correspondent," first for the *Daily News*, then for the *Times*, doing, moreover, much "leader" work for Delane. Twice married, each time to an English wife, and now comfortably settled in the Wye Valley, he has won a position to which his earnest love of work, his unquenchable enthusiasm, and his nice sense of honour fully entitle him. The fun of these very readable volumes is the writer's Southern *abandon*. He is always on excellent terms with himself, though he talks of his "shy rusticity" and misanthropic pride. The former was certainly no bar to his success; the latter, instead of paralysing (as it too often does), nerved him to fresh effort when it had led him to reject something that many would have jumped at.

Believers in Erckmann-Châtian will have to wholly alter their views when they take up M. Taine's "Gouvernement Révolutionnaire," in "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine" (Hachette). We may call his book the letter-press of those engravings put together by D'Héricault which we noticed a year ago. No doubt he is only too true a painter of the horrors of the Terror and the worthlessness of its agents. Still, we must ask, was the *ancien régime* so good, and were noblesse and clergy such models? If so, why was there any Revolution at all? Was it merely the triumph of wind-bag eloquence and clever agitation carried out to the remorselessly bitter end? Still harder to understand is the national paralysis which made five-sixths of the people submit to be fleeced and decimated by the other sixth; and the national madness which destroyed half Lyons, and came very near razing to the ground that city, as well as Toulon and Bordeaux. If M. Taine's book shows the danger of letting "the roughs" get the upper hand (for many of the "patriots" were merely vulgar thieves), it also shows how terribly hard must still be the conditions of political life in France. There is no give-and-take; in the hands of either side history becomes a rhetorical tirade against the unredeemed wickedness of the opposite party. Oh! for a French Hallam to hold the balance and help us to learn what is truth. One thing M. Taine brings out forcibly—the openness to bribery of patriots of all ranks; to judge from his data, the "sea-green incorruptible" must have been the only incorruptible man among them. M. Taine's strongest indictment is that men like Michelet knew of the documents to which he has gone, and would not look at them lest they should be forced to give up the "crocodile worship" to which they were devoted. His book is the most painfully interesting we have read for some time.

"Wealth, Work, and Want" (London Literary Society), and "Labour, Leisure, and Luxury" (Longmans), are similar in title, but differ widely in scope. In the former, Mr. E. Adams discusses the insufficiency of Mr. George's remedy, and its unfairness as only touching a source of wealth which amounts to a bare tenth of that appropriated by capitalists. Mr. Adams's panacea is to reduce the number of labourers by adopting "the scientific," in preference to Malthus's futile and immoral "prudential" check. He hits a blot when he points out that the Land Tax, instead of bringing in a million, should bring in thirty-five millions. Mr. Wylie has reprinted "Lectures at Renton," and magazine articles (one from old *Meliora*), full of good advice to workmen and employers. "Intemperate labour," he thinks, "is one of our characteristics." If everybody did his share, an hour and a quarter's daily work would keep the world going. Unhappily, labour-saving machines have made men work harder; and the way in which even the Scotch operative uses his leisure does not prompt us to wish he had more of it.

Of Health Exhibition Handbooks (Clowes and Sons), we omitted to notice Dr. Duclaux on "Fermentation," and Dr. A. Gamgee on the "Physiology of Digestion and the Digestive Organs." The latter (160 pp. for 1s.) is quite a text book for medical students, who will here find a clear abridgment, with illustrations, of their Quain and their Gray, besides the latest views on the chemistry of the subject—e.g., the diastatic ferment, and the action of saliva on starch. Dr. Duclaux gives a lively sketch of air life and airless life, and of the growth of *aspergillus niger*—"Raulin's liquid" (a purely mineral compound). Following M. Pasteur, he glories in the triumphs of animal vaccination against pig plague, fowl cholera, and cases of human cholera had not been published when he wrote, and may, of course, be disproved by future experiments.

Three-and-ninepence a volume in handsome cloth, 2s. 11d. in paper covers, is the price of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement

des Beaux Arts" (Quatin), of which we have received "Les Manuscrits et le Miniature," by M. Lecoq de la Marche, "l'Histoire de la Musique," by M. Lavoix, and "Le Lexique des Termes d'Art," by M. Adeline. It is interesting to compare these with the somewhat similar volumes in our Art series, and to note the difference in the French and English way of discussing the same subject. In a treatise on illumination a French writer has a very pleasing task; for, except the *Opus Scoticum* (Early Irish), the old French work was undoubtedly far above anything else in Europe. On Irish illumination M. de la Marche is meagre and unsatisfactory, not naming any MS. except the Book of Kildare, and speaking of St. Gall as a German instead of an Irish Art school. He talks, too, of *anglo-irlandais*, whereas the Scotch and Anglo-Saxon differ as wholly in spirit as in details; and he grows facetious about the *types anglais*, exactly like the *jeunes misses et graves mylords* of to-day. He is, we think, quite right in insisting on the non-Byzantine origin of illumination; it came to the West as well as to the East from the Romans who, through the Greeks, got it from Egypt; and the peculiar genius of the Celts made them, in France and Ireland, the best proficient. M. Lavoix cannot put France at the head of the world's music, but he makes most of men like Méhul and Boieldieu; and he says very little of our English celebrities, giving, however, a list of Elizabethan musicians, wherein John Milton, the poet's father, figures in the same rank with Tallis! On Greek music he talks in a cheaply-learned way of Alypius and the elder Bacchius. His curious pictures of musical instruments include the 16th century *rackett*, a sort of bassoon which looks like a *mitrailleuse*. His book contain the portraits and samples of the scores of most of the great masters. The Lexique is indispensable to any one who has to translate an Art book; and even to the general reader it is a comfort to see what a *châssis à tabatière*, for instance, is really like. MM. Lavoix and M. de la Marche would have been wise in supplementing, with good indexes, their meagre tables of contents.

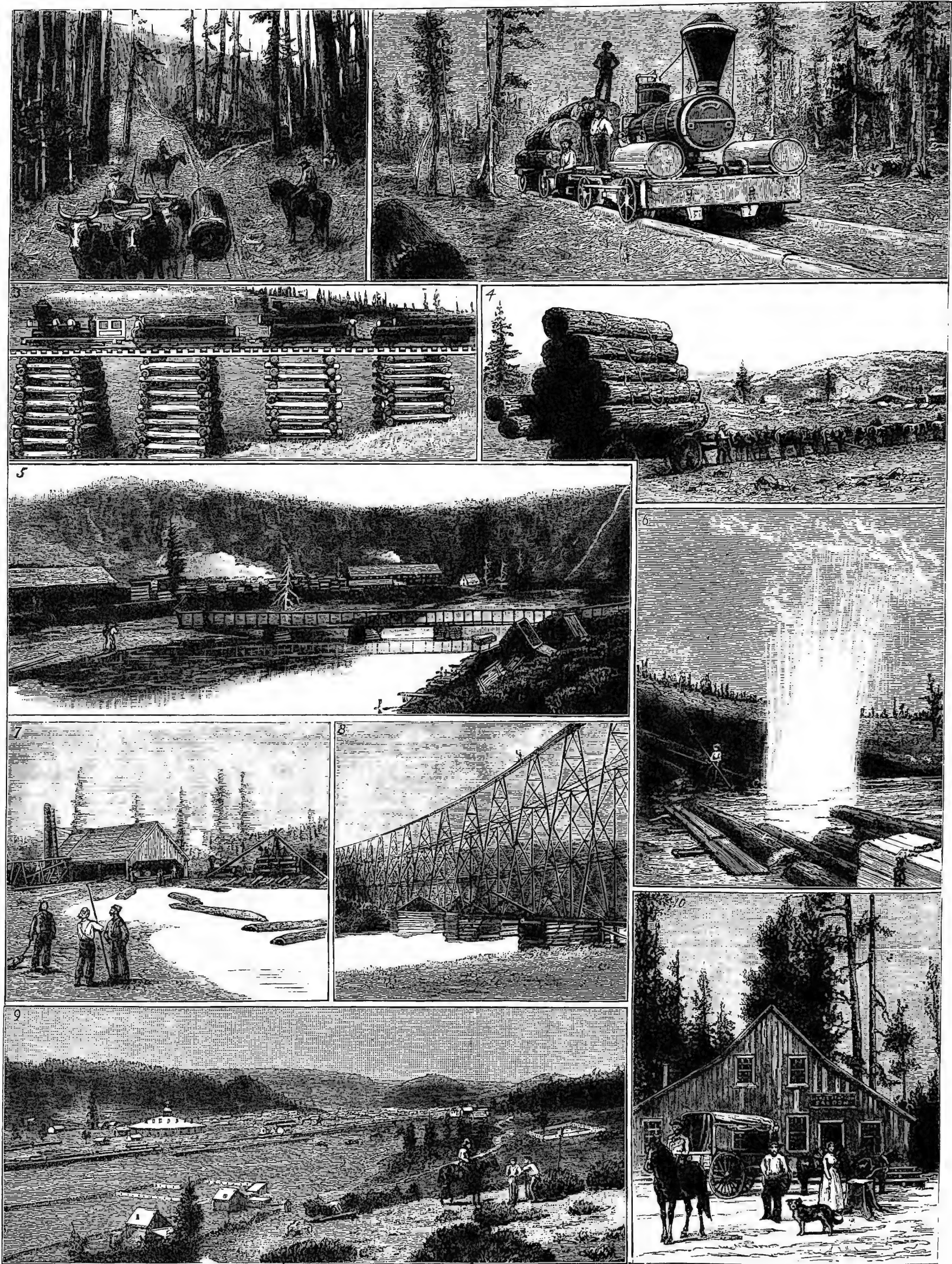
Mrs. Tooley has done a good work in compiling "Lives, Great and Simple" (Kent and Co.). We hope this plain record of the early struggles of men like Dr. W. Chambers may be largely read by our working people. It is an excellent book for a village lending library. The list includes General Gordon, the Princess Alice, Alex. Macdonald, M.P. a kinsman of Flora, Lord Wolseley, Irving the prophet and Irving the actor, besides less known worthies like Scott-Kiddell and Janet Hamilton.

History is hardly the *forte* of a writer who puts the Scotie Aidan amongst the companions of St. Augustine. We are glad, however, that the author of "England's Training" (Seeleys) confesses that in politics Edward VI.'s reign was disastrous and shameful, and the beginning of George III.'s marred by the King's obstinacy. He endorses Bishop Kyle's view that a century ago Christianity had in England scarcely any real existence.

"Algernon Sidney" (Kegan Paul) will always be one of our noblest names, and Miss Blackburne's careful study of his life has clearly been a labour of love. We heartily recommend her book to those who think of looking into a too much neglected chapter of English history. Sidney's life she well calls "the tragedy of misunderstanding;" and to get a good notion of him she bids us think of "a typical cultured man of our time who by some mischance found himself put back into the seventeenth century." He was before his time, and therefore was out of harmony with both parties. As to his taking bribes, it is hardly credible of the man who "every day called Cromwell a tyrant," and who had De Witt and Penn among his staunch friends. Barillon, Miss Blackburne points out, is very poor authority; and, though the charge cannot be absolutely disproved, she disbelieves it as firmly as she believes in the proved incorruptibility of Lord W. Russell. While recommending her book, we wholly differ with her in some points; for instance, in her high estimate of Stafford's government of Ireland.

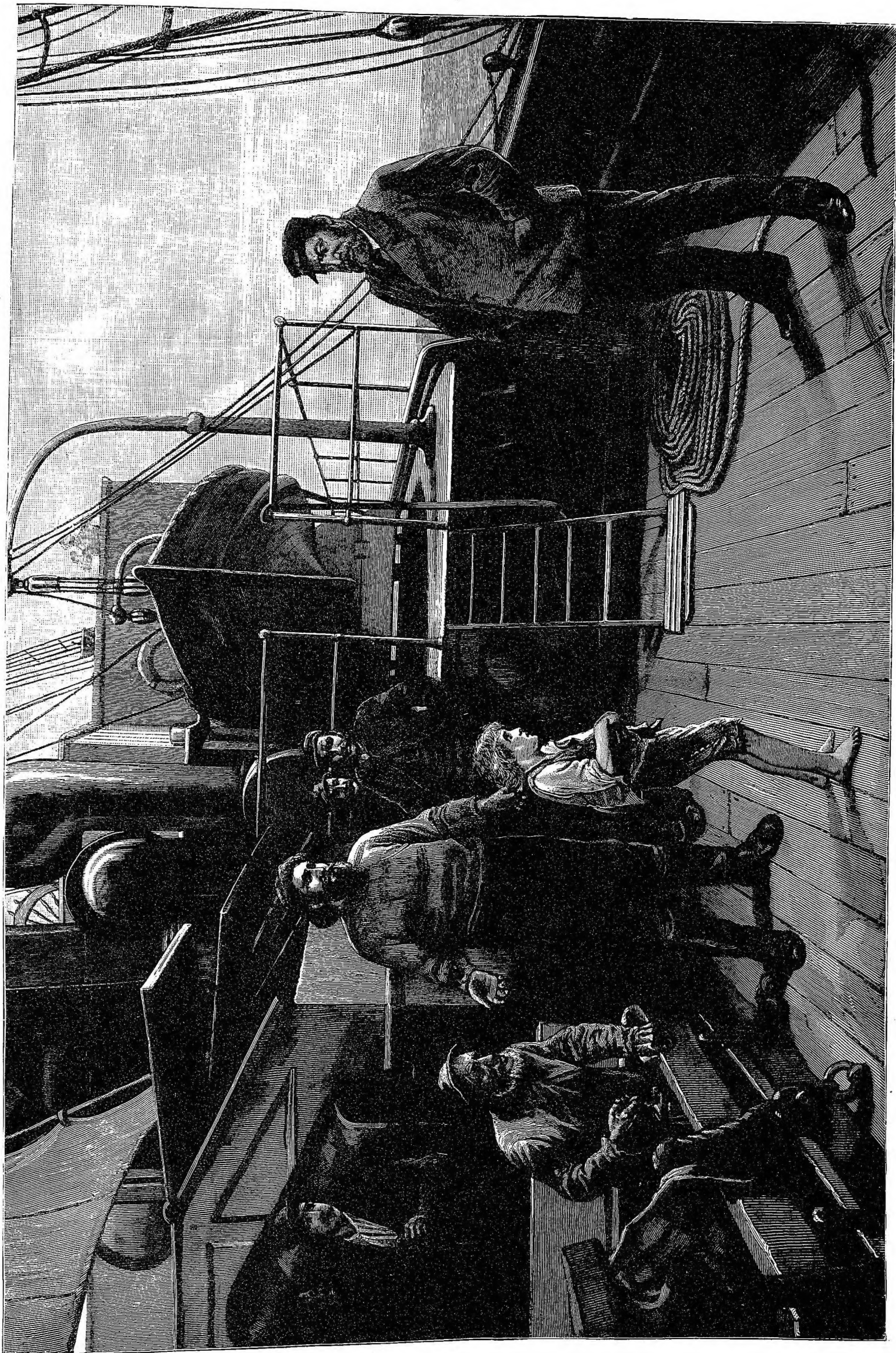
MINOR BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.—An edition of Plutarch's "Lives," suitable for young children, has been compiled by Mary Cross and Anne J. Davidson, under the title of "Stories of Great Men, taken from Plutarch" (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). In these we have good summaries of the careers of Romulus, Theseus, Numa Pompilius, Brutus, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and other heroes of Greek and Roman history.—Another child's book, of a somewhat lighter character, is "Number Nip; or, the Spirit of the Giant Mountains," by Mary C. Rowsell (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), an illustrated collection of Fairy stories, certain to please young folk in winter evenings.—For infants, pure and simple, Messrs. Dean and Son have sent us two of their "Embossed Painting Toy Books," containing "Lady Tabitha's Morning Concert" and the "Little Birds Who Went Out to See the World." Opposite each coloured picture is a page with plain embossed outlines, which can be coloured after the copy by the little folk.—We have also to acknowledge a new little folks' picture book, entitled "Various Kinds of Babes in the Wood, at Home and Abroad," well illustrated by T. H. Collins, with verses by Emma Jane Taylor (Dean and Son).—Vol. XVII. of the "Family Herald Supplements," is full, as usual, of entertaining stories; and the current volume of the "Naturalist's World," containing much matter interesting to those who regard animals from a scientific and collecting point of view.—Amongst the various fashionable amusements of the day is brass repoussé work, and many ladies proudly show brass panels, plaques, and bowls covered with well-executed designs—their own handiwork. A useful little "Book of Instructions" has been published by Madame Amélie, of 40, North Audley Street, W. This manual is clearly and plainly written, and treats of the various details in connection with the rudimentary study of this popular branch of decorative art. Ladies with plenty of time on their hands should devote half-an-hour to the perusal of this little work.—Another manual, "Magic Lanterns: How Made and How Used," gives practical hints to unpractised lecturers, by A. A. Woods, F.C.S. (74, Cheapside, E.C.), and full directions for working the lantern, as well as for painting and preparing the slides.—Finally, we should acknowledge the tenth annual edition of "The Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities," edited by W. F. Howe (Longmans, Green, and Co.), which appears to be as comprehensive and as carefully compiled as its predecessors.

NEW MAPS.—Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. have forwarded us copies of their maps of "Europe" and "Africa" of the "Excelsior Series of School Maps." They are mounted, and on rollers, and appear to be exceedingly carefully compiled. The names are not so many as to be confusing—that great fault of English school maps—the boundaries of the various countries are well defined, and the countries themselves clearly distinguishable by the pronounced and separate colours. All the main railways and the most noted battlefields in "Europe" are marked, while in "Africa"—which also contains an enlarged map of the southernmost regions—the somewhat complicated divisions of that continent caused by the recent scramble for territory in the Dark Continent by European nations are brought up to the present date. Altogether, these maps appear admirably fitted for the purposes of teaching, particularly on that broad system which is by far the best method of instilling geography into young minds, who are apt to become easily bewildered with too much detail. Messrs. Bacon have also sent us a new large print "War Map of the Egyptian Soudan," compiled from the maps issued by the War Office and other official documents.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have published an excellent map of South Africa, clearly delineating the Stella Land and Bechuanaland region, to settle whose troublous condition Sir C. Warren's Expedition has been organised.



1. In the Woods (showing Chute and Snaking Teams).—2. A Locomotive for Hauling Logs.—3. Locomotive with Load of Logs passing over a Log Bridge.—4. A Load of Logs.
5. Clinton Sawmills, looking East, showing a Chute 1,900 feet long.—6. End of a Chute at Clinton Sawmills, showing where the Logs strike the Water.
7. Sawmill and Pond.—8. Flume over the Truckee River.—9. Bird's-eye View of Truckee, California.—10. A Wayside Public House.

"LUMBERING" IN CALIFORNIA



"THE STOWAWAY"
 ENGRAVED FROM THE PICTURE BY A. DIXON IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, BY PERMISSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION

LUMBERING IN CALIFORNIA

THE timber trade—or lumber trade as the Americans call it—in Truckee, California, has grown from small beginnings. In 1864 a small saw mill with an improved water wheel, run by a man named MacPherson at the foot of Donner Lake, sufficed for the wants of the neighbourhood; but by degrees the mines of Utah and Nevada and the Mormon metropolis of Salt Lake City came in as customers for millions of cubic feet of timber, a demand too which was enhanced by frequent conflagrations. The result was that that portion of the forest regions which was accessible to ox-teams and railways was stripped of all its suitable timber, and the lumberers had to go further into the heart of the mountains, and to devise means for conveying their produce to the railway stations.

"Flumes," which are water troughs set up on very long legs, were constructed for the purpose of floating hewn timber (not logs) from the mills to the railway at the rate of from eight to fifteen miles an hour.

Horse "chutes" (or shoots) are made of trees laid parallel, about six inches apart; the small ends are notched into the butts of the next sticks. The inside faces are hewn smooth, and greased twice a day by means of a pail of warm tallow and a swab. The chute is so cheap that branches can be extended in any direction into the forests. There is no lifting of logs, no loading on trucks or cars, no time lost in getting the logs ready to move. The teams bring the logs into the chute. They are usually drawn by six horses or mules, and the driver rides the animal nearest the wheel. A hook is struck into the end of a log which has five or six other logs in front of it, and the horses are hitched to the hook. As the logs have been stripped of their bark, the chute is well greased, and as the journey is downhill, very little strain is needed, indeed the horses, which travel alongside, have to go at a lively trot in order to keep up. The logs are "snaked" to the chute by ox-teams.

At Clinton the logs are brought to the brow of a hill overlooking the saw-mill, and are then placed in a chute (not the horse-chute), 1,900 feet long, and at an angle of 45 deg. They fly down like thunderbolts; a stream of fire and smoke follows their track, and as they strike the water the spray leaps 100 feet into the air.

The concave wheel locomotive is perhaps the only one of the kind in existence. It is uncouth-looking, but powerful. It is built for strength, not for swiftness, and although its speed is only about four miles an hour, it will climb a gradient of 32 inches to the road. It is fed on the refuse wood of the mill.

The lumbering season lasts from about April to November; in the winter it is too cold in the woods for this sort of work. The men employed are very intelligent and hardworking. Their wages vary from 30 to 125 dollars per month. Excellent board is provided. Our engravings are from photographs by H. W. Macdonald, 28, Grafton Street East, W.C.

"THE STOWAWAY"

THE subject of this picture is one which is familiar to the inhabitants of large seaport towns, such as Liverpool, where, in the Walker Art Gallery, the original is exhibited. Mr. A. Dixon has depicted a very pathetic scene in a highly dramatic manner. It is sad to think that there are in existence a number of persons of all ages whose condition seems to themselves so forlorn and wretched that they are willing to hide themselves on board some vessel bound on a long voyage, although fully aware, when compelled by the pangs of hunger to emerge from their place of concealment, that they run the risk of very rough and even brutal treatment, for naturally the captain does not want any useless mouths on board. The best they can expect in return for the food grudgingly given them is to be set at the dirtiest and most disagreeable work the boatswain can find. Worse consequences may sometimes happen. Not many years ago the captain of a ship set some boy stowaways ashore (if it could be called "ashore") on a floe of ice off the coast of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. The account of the circumstances caused great indignation at the time. It is to be hoped that, fierce as the captain looks, there are better things in store for the poor little trembling wretch in Mr. Dixon's picture. A grown-up stowaway is usually rather a hopeless personage. Little in the way of work can be got out of him; but in a boy there are all sorts of hidden possibilities. Then a boy may resort to "stowawayism" for reasons which cast no serious slur on his moral character. He may be bitten by the Robinson Crusoe fever which attacks (and long may it do so!) so many British boys; or he may (not an uncommon case) be seeking to escape from a brutal father or a cruel stepmother. Before the vessel sails, the chief mate and his aide-de-camps go carefully about the hold prodding the cargo with steel rods. If they detect any miserable wretch playing hide-and-seek he is forthwith sternly "toted" ashore. But should he escape their vigilance, and be discovered haggard and wolfish a few days later, the captain and crew can scarcely be blamed for feeling angry. Nevertheless, we entreat them to show mercy, especially to the stowaway of tender years.



TASTES may be expected to differ very considerably as to the place to be given among Mr. James Payn's works to "The Talk of the Town" (2 vols.: Smith, Elder and Co.). We fancy that his greatest admirers will be the least pleased with this new departure. It is entirely free from those laborious efforts to be funny which his mission as the lively writer of his day has come to impose upon him. It contains no vulgarity, no results of researches into the works of Joseph Miller, no burlesque nightmares, and only a single misquotation, Bon Gaultier being this solitary sufferer. Even the title will prove a disappointment to those who will be the most attracted by the studied piquancy of the title. In short, "The Talk of the Town" is a story of genuinely fascinating interest, dealing in a really masterly manner with one of the standing puzzles of literary history and human nature—the Ireland forgeries. He has taken for his central figure the man who tried to climb upon Shakespeare's shoulders into the Temple of Fame; and, by making a transparent but sufficient change in his hero's name, has enabled himself to connect the history of the cheat with an exceedingly touching love story, and to take such licences as were needful to give it a dramatic character. He has not undertaken the task of white-washing Ireland, but has by force of imagination enabled his readers to comprehend the progress of weakness and vanity from what seems justifiable deception to systematic and ambitious imposture. Many leading persons of the period are introduced, without any over-elaboration, or any loss of personal and dramatic interest through laying on the colour of the period too thickly. It is a comparatively slight work to put forward as Mr. Payn's best up to the present time; but such it deserves to be considered, and will prove, we trust, to be the promise of its author's success in a higher field of literature than he has heretofore attempted to enter.

"West of Swardham," by the Rev. W. O. Peile (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has the paramount merit of being an interesting story. Nevertheless, it is not easy, without much consideration, to

say why. To begin with, the characters are eminently unsympathetic, the only exception being Mary Holbrooke and her father; and, while he is of but little importance, she plays by far too insignificant a part for a heroine intended to compensate, by her romantic innocence and loyalty, for the odious social atmosphere that surrounds her. The author will probably imagine that we are forgetting his hero, John West of Swardham, supposed to be the very model of a chivalrous gentleman. But even that mean and cowardly sneak, his cousin Adolphus, never did anything quite so mean and cowardly as to celebrate his discovery that he had won the whole heart of the girl he loved by instantly running away from her, and hiding himself away under a false name for years without a word of explanation—in short, risking breaking her heart because he did not know how to trust her. Nor is it possible to sympathise with a hero who yields to undeserved ill-fortune without a single struggle; or who refuses, for fear of the consequences to himself, to fulfil the last passionate entreaties of a dying man, when only right and justice could be done by fulfilling them. There is a point at last where intense care for one's own personal reputation becomes indistinguishable from cowardice and selfishness; and the point where Don Quixote would have halted is passed by West of Swardham. Moreover, there is no special merit in the story itself, or in the way of putting it together. But the incidents are numerous, and often fresh; and the reader enjoys the rare sensation of being unable to foresee the course of events at any point, even while he has a general assurance of a happy ending. There is considerable dramatic force, too, in the spectacle of that very miserable specimen of a labourer's demagogue, Adolphus Van Lennep, when suddenly transmuted into a leading member of the squirearchy, and fallen a prey to a grand passion for an unscrupulous fine lady. With all its faults, "West of Swardham" is not a novel to be laid down easily if once begun; and it seems ungracious to examine too closely the title of a work to be interesting when the fact of its being interesting is not to be denied.

"Ichabod: a Portrait," by Bertha Thomas (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), is a clever study of the attempts of an imaginary pessimist, of the school of Schopenhauer, to carry out his creed to its final consequences. The subject is no doubt capable of more powerful as well as of more philosophical treatment, and Mr. John Ichabod's tragic end is inappropriate to the generally light and often really humorous nature of the story. We should have preferred his conversion to common sense by some such simple process as was brought to bear upon Tony Sebright, his solitary disciple. Many of the vagaries of contemporary thought, and its vain and unphilosophic self-questionings, are satirised with good humour and exceedingly little exaggeration. The work is not likely to do the least good, but it will be cordially welcomed for the amusement it affords by all who stand in no need of conversion.

"Out of Eden," by Dora Russell (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), must also be recommended as the best of its authoress's works hitherto, at any rate since the publication of "The Vicar's Governess." It is genuinely interesting, though less owing to the nature of the plot in itself than to excellence of management and construction, and in despite of all short-comings. Among these must be mentioned the needless length to which the story is carried, the failure to give a natural air to incidents required solely by the exigencies of plot-making, and an unnecessary number of distractions to the attention. Moreover, the question of inheritance upon which the turns is over-involved—a reader going to work in the normal hurry will be in considerable danger of confusing the heirs and their titles beyond hope of extrication. The story is none the worse for its sensational character, and all the better for its old-fashioned way of dealing with old-fashioned materials. Without pretensions to a place among work of the highest order, we have said enough to show that "Out of Eden" is very decidedly above the average.

"Venetia's Lovers," by Leslie Keith (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a very sad, but very gracefully and well-told, story. It contains little or nothing really new, and is thus further evidence that the old stories still retain their vitality and power to charm. Even the once too-familiar heroine who dies of a broken heart aggravated by disease of the lungs, or *vice versa*, is made to acquire fresh pathos, and a thin and meagre plot is rendered interesting by the touches of very actual human nature, comic and tragic, introduced into or suggested by its separate scenes and characters. The little "village," or colony, of elderly ladies in Edinburgh calls for special notice as an example of kindly-humour.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Our budget from hence contains but one vocal contribution, and that of a descriptive style. "The Eddystone Light," written and composed by Charles Hine, will prove first favourite at a seaport or riverside popular entertainment; there is a nerve and pathos in the words which will thrill through all hearts at home and at sea. The instrumental share is both varied and highly to be commended. For the organ there are three well-written pieces: "Andante in C," by Seymour Smith; Sonatina, by Arthur B. Plant, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; and "Reverie," by A. E. Tozer. We have also three good pieces for violin and pianoforte: "Romance," by C. J. Duchemin; "Rhapsody," by Louis N. Parker; and an arrangement by C. Egerton Lowe of R. Schumann's "Traumerei." Two very pretty drawing-room pieces for the pianoforte, by J. Theodore Trell, are "Sarabande" and a *caprice brillante*, entitled "Pluie de Feuilles de Rose;" "Elfenmarsch," by C. T. West; and "Stray Thoughts," by Cecil Howard, are quite as pretty as the above, and a trifle less difficult. "May Blossom Valse," by Walter H. Murray, is as pretty as its title.

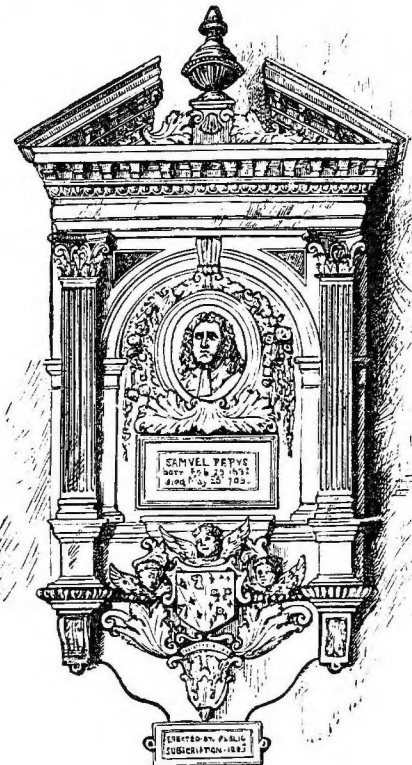
MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A very graceful serenade for a tenor is "Sleep, My Loved One," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Alfred Redhead. Of the same tender type are "Love's Ever at Love's Side," words by J. V. Cheney, music by A. E. Dyer; and "A Lover's Reasons," written and composed by M. A. Barnes and W. C. Levey.—A pair of sketches for the violin, with a pianoforte accompaniment by J. C. Beazley, are well worthy the attention of amateurs. They are entitled "Sympathy" and "Elegy." Good and cultivated study will be found in "Romanza and Scherzo" from a sonata in F minor, by J. T. Trell, for the pianoforte. A very pleasing and even original specimen of its class is "Gavotte," by Carl Volti.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two songs of a sacred character, suitable for a Sunday evening at home, are "The Child Jesus: a Carol of Praise," music by Karl Hahn, which is brought out with a specially artistic frontispiece (Messrs. J. F. Schipper and Co.); and "A Dream of Heaven," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and J. S. Cook (Messrs. Playfair and Co.).—"The Harmonium Album," edited by J. Spencer Curwen, will prove a very useful addition to the portfolios of performers on that instrument. It contains a variety of pieces for all occasions, by various well-known composers. This publication has already arrived at Vol. XI., and is likely to prosper for some time to come (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).—Hard-working students of the pianoforte will find plenty to do in mastering "Troisième Sonate Poétique," for the

pianoforte, by Eugen Woycke (C. Jefferys).—A bright, showy, and fairly easy *capriccio* for the pianoforte is "The Singing Brook," by Barry M. Gilholy (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—"Holiday Songs" is the collective title of twelve very charming compositions, the sweet poetry by Mrs. Alexander; the music by Lady Arthur Hill. This daintily got-up little volume is admirably adapted for the nursery and the schoolroom (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).

A MONUMENT TO SAMUEL PEPYS

THIS tablet to the memory of Mr. Samuel Pepys has been placed in the Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, Mark Lane, where, as his Diary records, Mr. Pepys was a frequent attendant, where he was buried, and where a monument to his wife, though not to himself, has for more than a century and three-quarters adorned the



aisle. The tablet is designed in excellent taste, by Mr. Bloomfield, to suit the age in which Pepys lived, and at the same time to avoid conflict with our own. It has been erected in the south aisle, over the pew in which he was accustomed to sit, and opposite the memorial to Mrs. Pepys. The tablet was unveiled early in the year before a large congregation, among whom were the Master and Wardens of the Clothworkers' Company, in which guild Pepys took out his freedom. The Rev. Alfred Povah, Rector of St. Olave's, held a short service. As First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Northbrook was expected to unveil the monument; and in a letter to the Hon. James Russell Lowell, the American Minister, his lordship expressed the annoyance he felt on being prevented from assisting at the ceremony. Mr. Lowell, however, was an admirable substitute, and made a telling speech, praising Pepys from both a social and an official point of view, and pronouncing him to be the author of the "most delightful book of the kind ever written."

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THOSE who have made themselves acquainted with the author's former works will be prepared for a poetical treat in "Apollo and Marsyas, and Other Poems," by Eugene Lee-Hamilton (Elbert Stock), and they will not be disappointed. Despite a certain morbidity of feeling which appears in places—notably in the sonnets—it is seldom that we meet with a more satisfactory book of its kind, so replete with imagination, fancy, and thought expressed in polished and musical verse. As regards the piece which gives its chief title to the volume, we must say that we think it, good as it is, hardly entitled to so prominent a position; Marsyas' songs are, as a matter of fact, better than those of his rival. We incline to give the place of honour to that fantastic and powerful poem, "The Wonder of the World." In this, two English travellers discover, in the vaults of a ruined Greek temple, the chryselephantine statue of Pallas, long supposed to be lost to the world. The more weak-minded of the two is left to guard the treasure whilst his fellow goes to seek Government protection; but, overcome by the threats of the Klephts, reveals the secret; the statue is broken up for the sake of the gold; and the unhappy betrayer becomes a remorseful wanderer on the face of the earth. It will be seen what scope is here for strong dramatic writing, and Mr. Lee-Hamilton has availed himself of it to the utmost. Another most picturesque and effective piece is the mediæval dream, "A Pageant of Siena." "Abraham Carew," the defence of a fanatical homicidal maniac, has much power, but is almost too horrible; in fact, the author seems naturally to affect gruesome subjects, witness "Ipsissimus," or "Sister Mary of the Plague," in which latter it is a question whether terror or pity more sways the wand—it is a truly splendid ballad. In conclusion, we must really expostulate with Mr. Lee-Hamilton on his employment of the word "grab"—we admit that it is perfectly sound English, but it is not poetical.

There are some good songs, and also some good memorial verses, in "Rhymes from Cornwall," by Henry Sewell Stokes (Longmans). Some of them have appeared in former editions. More especially to our taste are "O for the Sea! the Wide, Wide Sea," "The Gallants of Fowey," and "The Plaint of Morwenstow," a lament for that good and sorely maligned man, the Rev. R. S. Hawker.

Many poets have of late years dealt with Scandinavian subjects, but the Anglo-Saxon period in this country has received comparatively little attention. Some attempt to remedy this is made in "Aethelney, and Other Poems," by Eliza Down (Bell and Sons), and with a fair amount of success. The principal pieces, dealing with Alfred and the Danish invasion, show genuine enthusiasm, and are written in careful and polished blank verse, though the endings are not always satisfactory. The Notes also are for the most part good; but when Mrs. Down turns her attention to Norse matters she is less happy in her facts—to say nothing of her spelling of proper names; and we begin to suspect the influence of Mallet, or some equally untrustworthy guide. For example, the Norns were not identical with the Valkyrie. The former were three only in number, Urd, Verdande, and Skuld, and never left their sacred well; whereas the latter were numberless, consisting of Roba and her sisterhood, and sallied forth whenever a battle was imminent.

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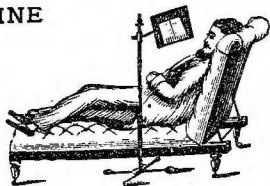
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I have had one of your Galvanic Generators, and a pair of your Electric Socks, from which I have experienced very great relief.

AN ABSOLUTE
AND

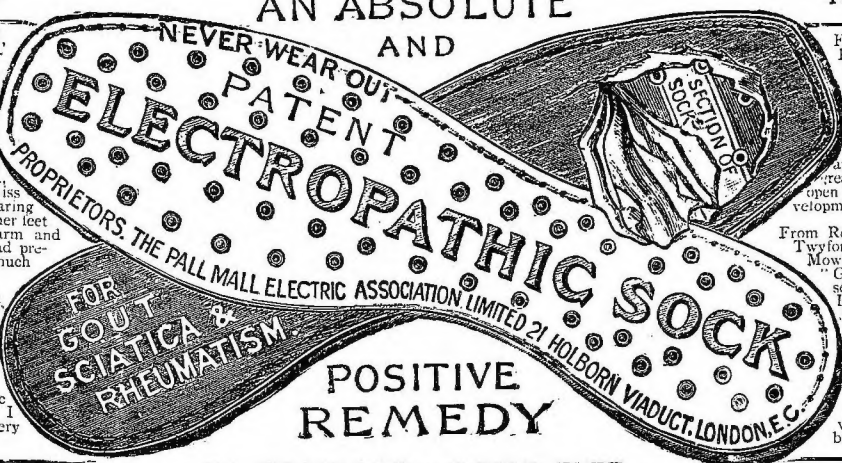
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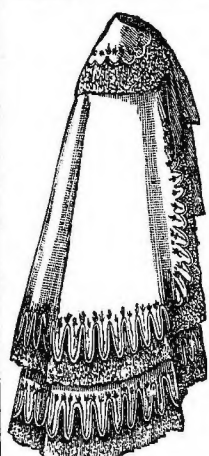
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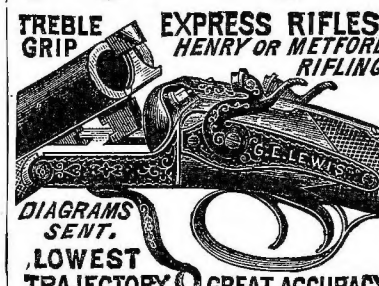
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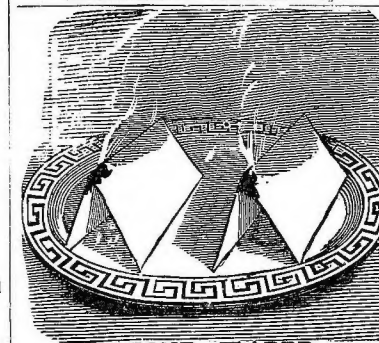
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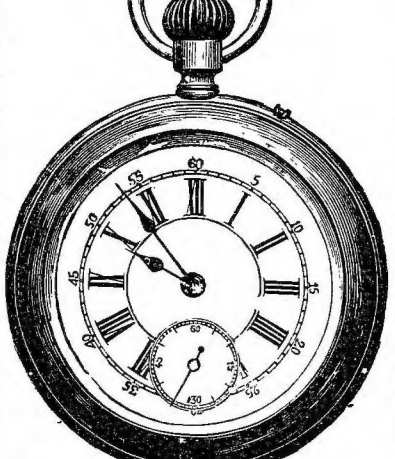
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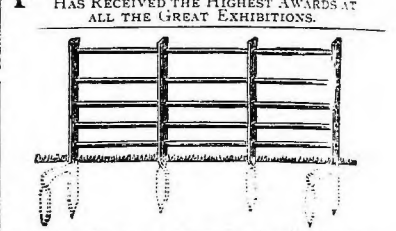
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